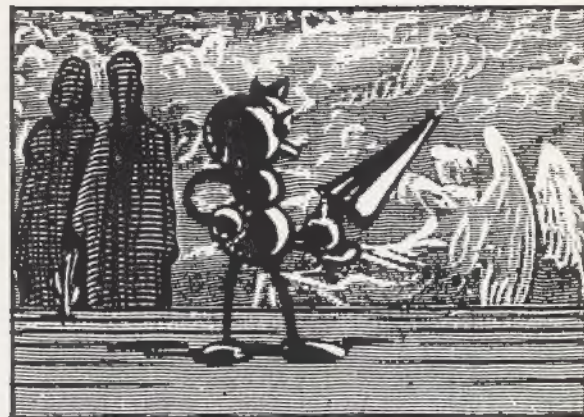
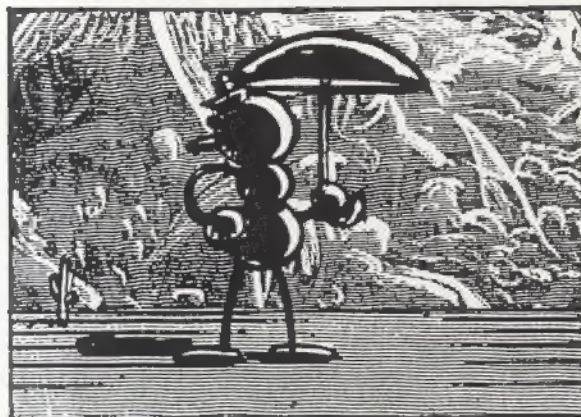
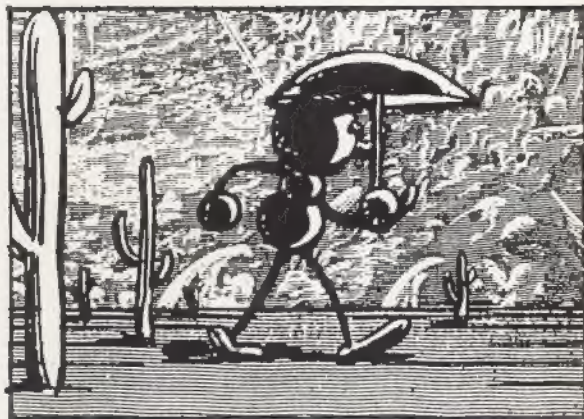
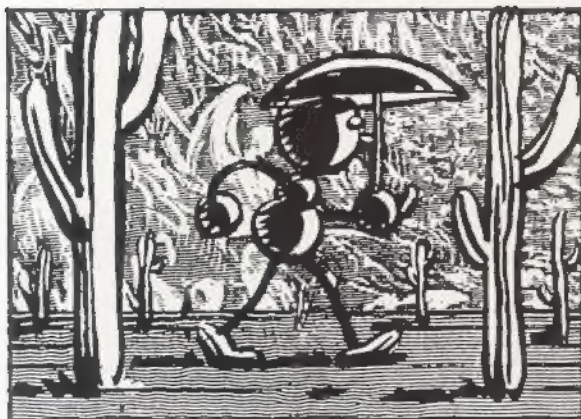
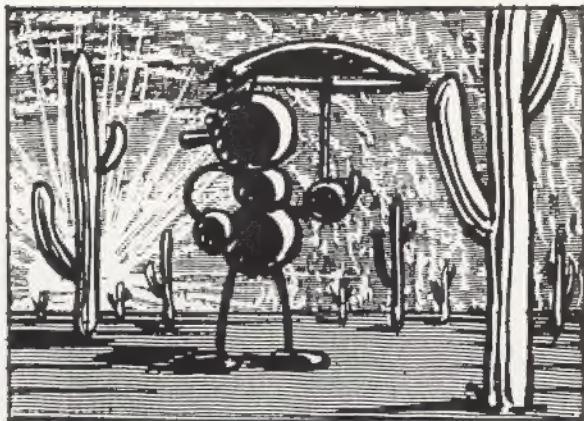
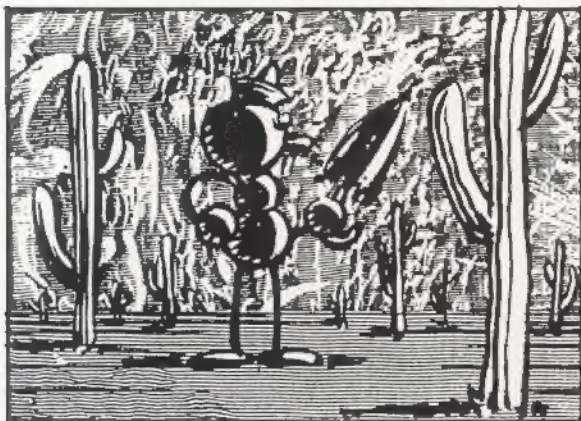
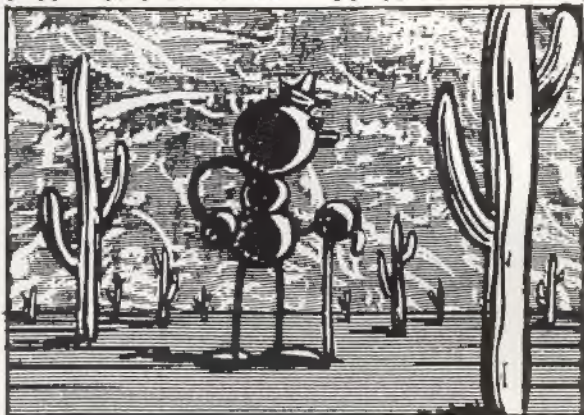
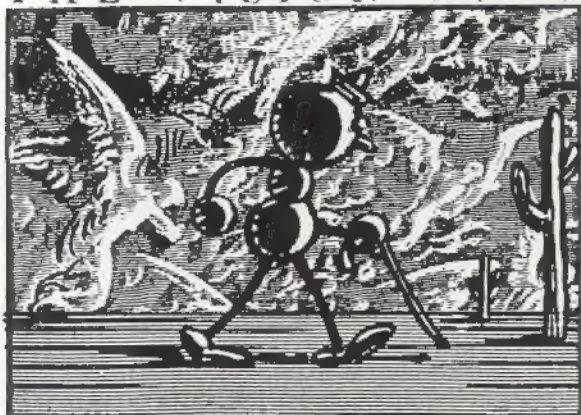


THE VISION OF THE SIXTH HEAVEN.



©'98 MOSCOSO

MOSCOSO





STELLA HAD VAPORIZED ONE OF THE HUMBLE CAVE DWELING ROTTING ZOMBIES...

THESE FOLKS LOOK DEAD ON THEIR FEET...

PLEASE HAVE MERCY ON US, BEAUTIFUL INVADER

AFTER A BRIEF CHAT, STAR EYED STELLA GOT DIRECTIONS TO TOWN.. SHE ARRIVED THERE, HOURS LATER..



HEY BAYBEEE YOU WANNA RIDE?



HMMMMM... LOOKS LIKE WHAT I'M AFTER IS RIGHT UP AHEAD.





AT BEAUTIFUL
BUBBAS..

"CURSES!"

"...DROP THE
BLASTER
SISTER,
OR I'LL DROP
YOU..."



"DON'T TRY AND
WRIGGLE OUTTA THESE
CUFFS SWEETHEART!!!
THEY'LL JUST GET
TIGHTER!"

"WE'RE ALL GONNA
TAKE A LITTLE RIDE
DOWN TOWN NOW!!"

CLIK



AND INTO THE
"HOLDING TANK"
STELLA WAS KICKED!

NOBO

"NICE FIRM BUNNAGE,
HUK, DICK? HUK HUK..."

"...THESE COCKSUCKERS
WILL REM THE DAY THEY
EVER MET ME!!"

"WE
SURE
COULD USE
ONES! THIS
PUNKS ARE
WIRE BOTS..."

"LOOKEE
THINK!!
A NEW
FISH!!"



"I'D LOVE TO SHINE
MY MAGGOTY CRANK
INTO YOUR VIBRANT
MAGGOTESS
SNATCH!!
mmmm
mmmm
mmmm"

YUCK!

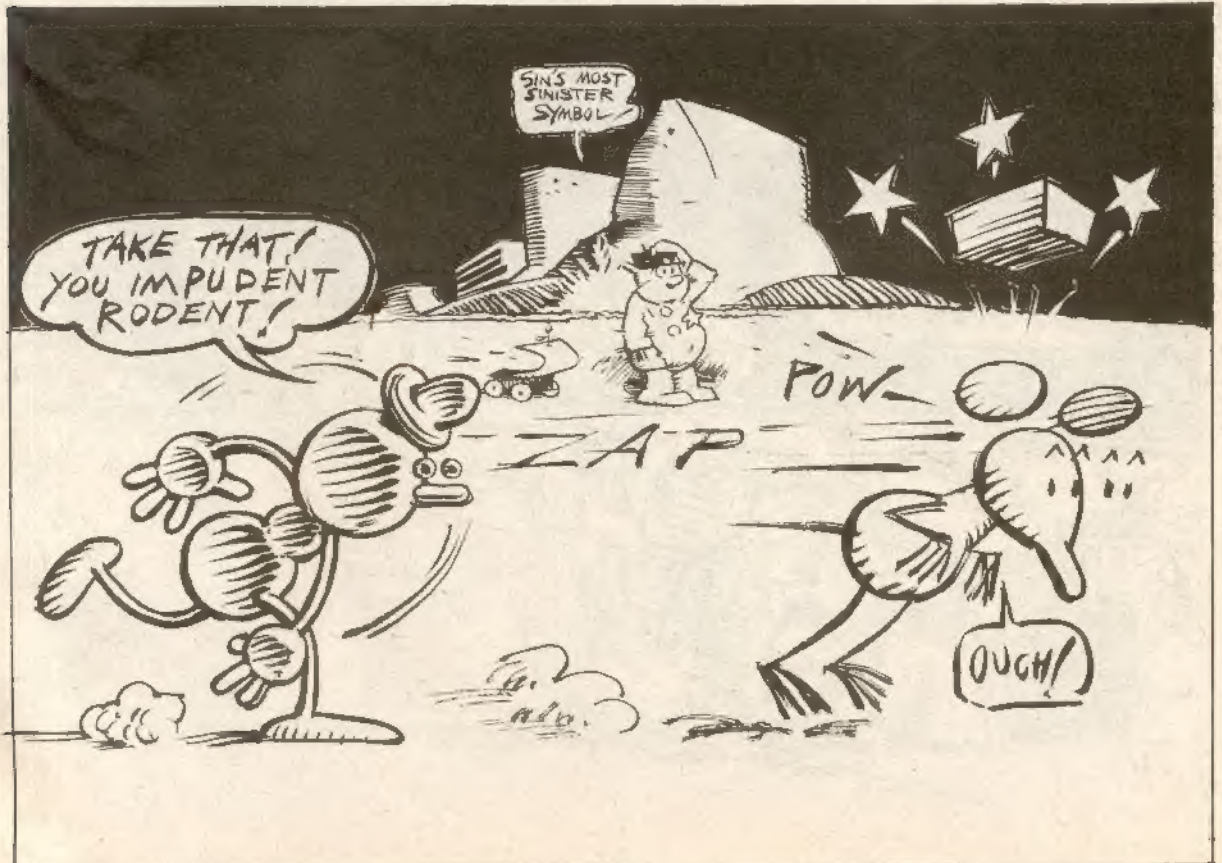
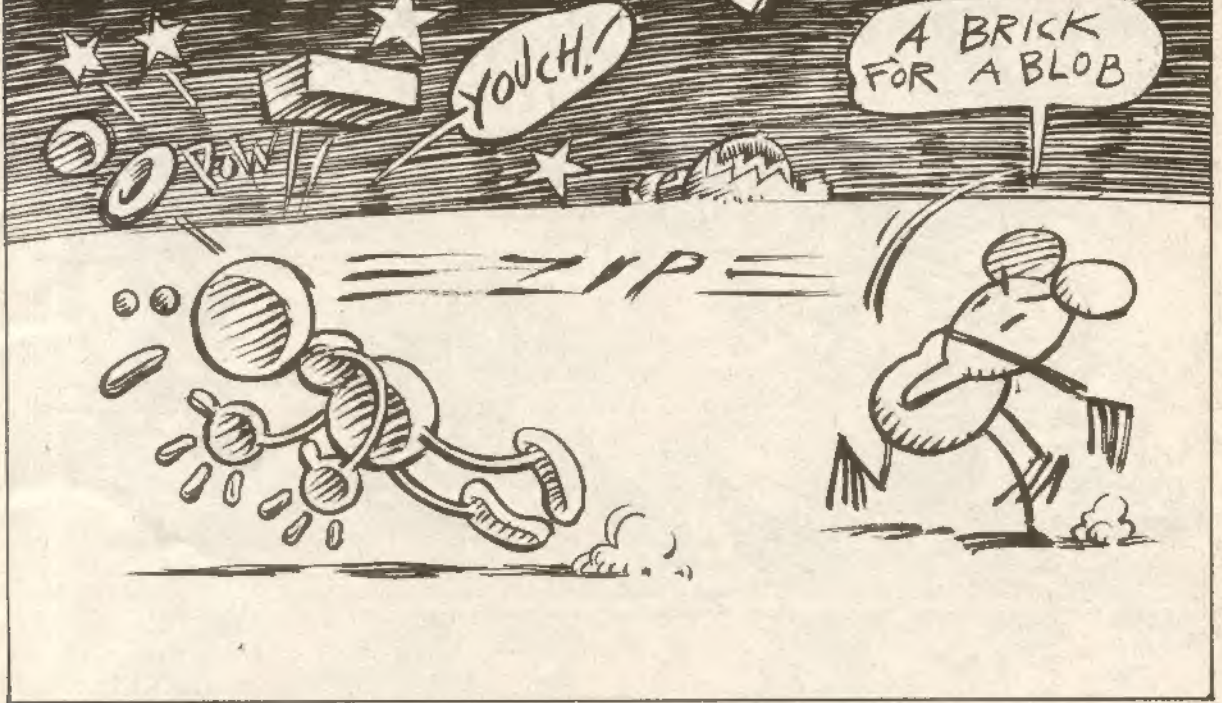
STELLA GAZES
WISTFULLY OUT
THE JAIL HOUSE
WINDOW!!!

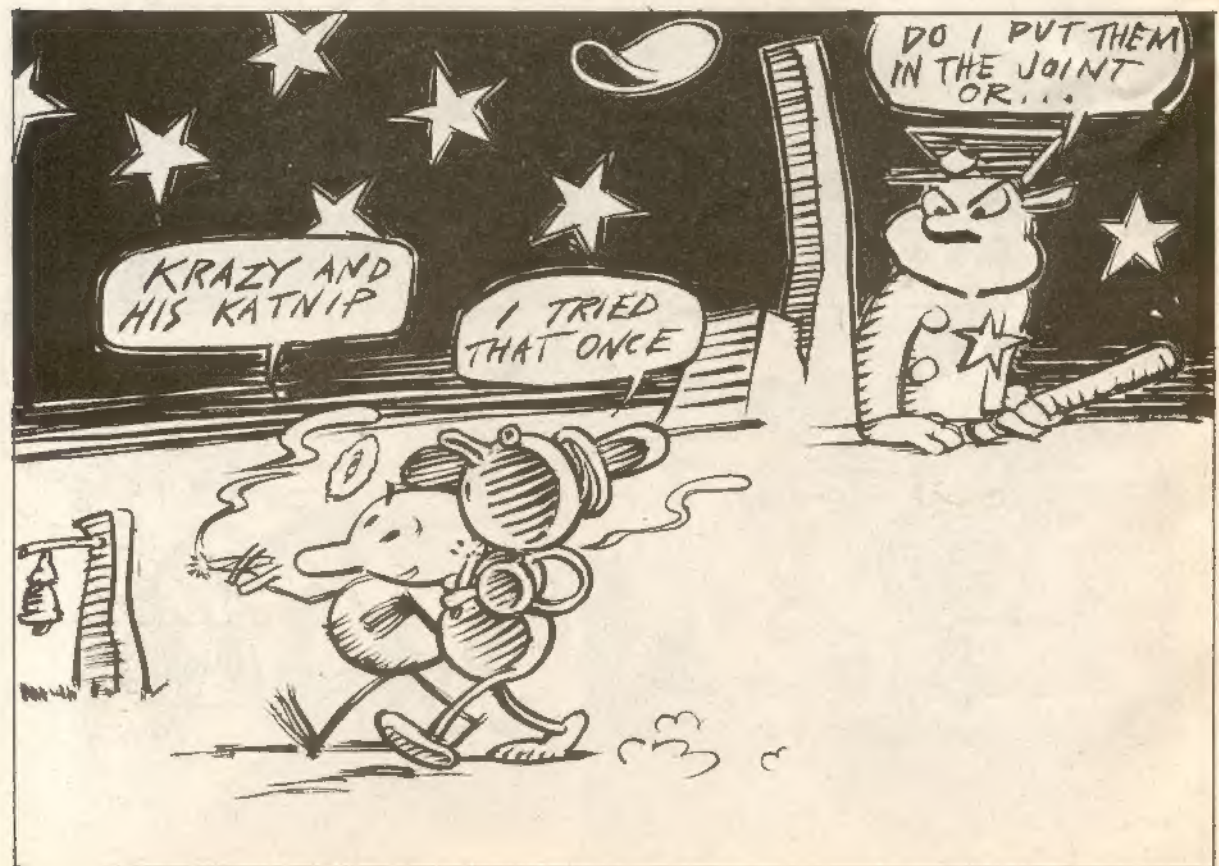
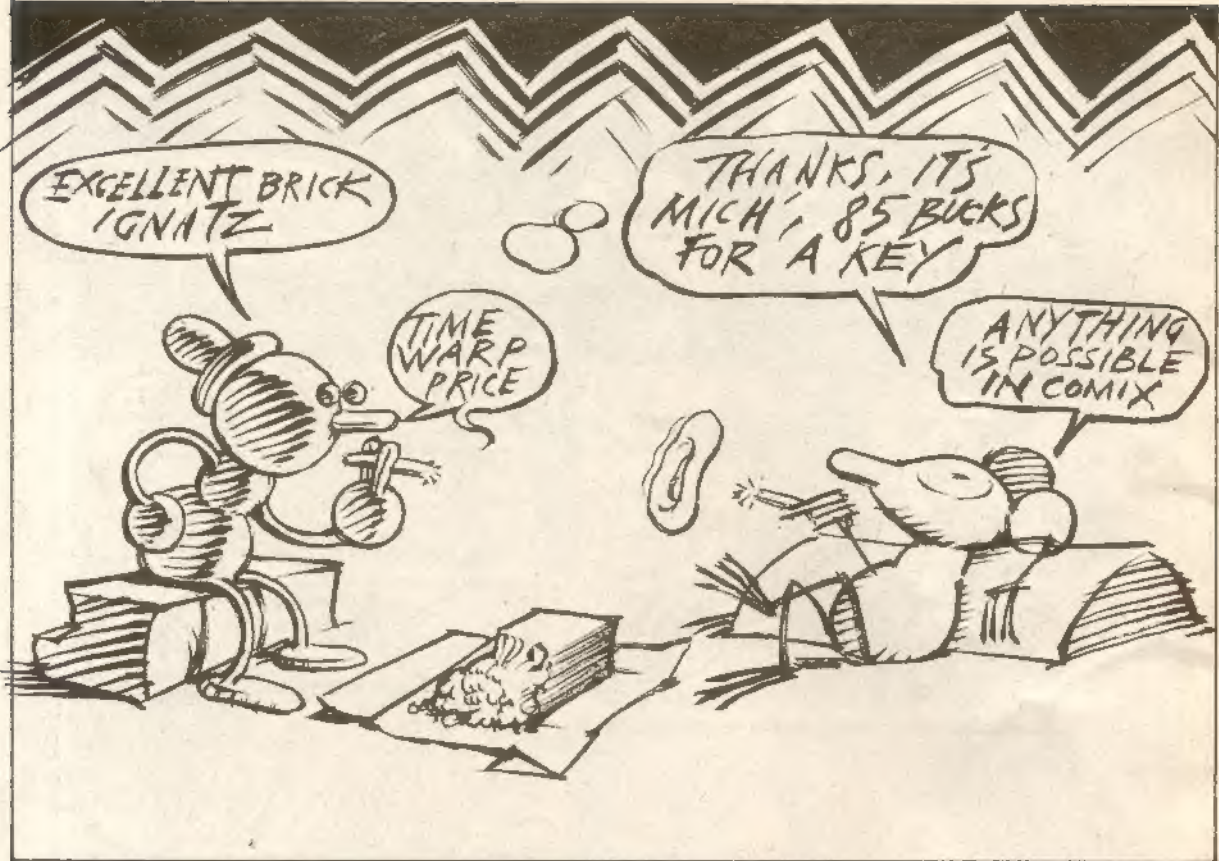
"I SEE A DISTANT
STAR... IF ONLY
IT WAS A GOOD
OMEN!!"



MORE TO COME..

LIKE KRAZY, MAN





MY SECRET DATE *Linda* BLAIR

WITH

"A VERY PERSONAL FANTASY"



BUT THE DEADLY SECRETS OF THE LAGOON ARE ABOUT TO DISRUPT THE LOVERS EMBRACE. A CREATURE BORN FROM THE INTERACTION OF SWAMP GAS AND POLLUTION FROM THE LOCAL MILL IS INTENT ON DISTURBING THEIR RAPTURE

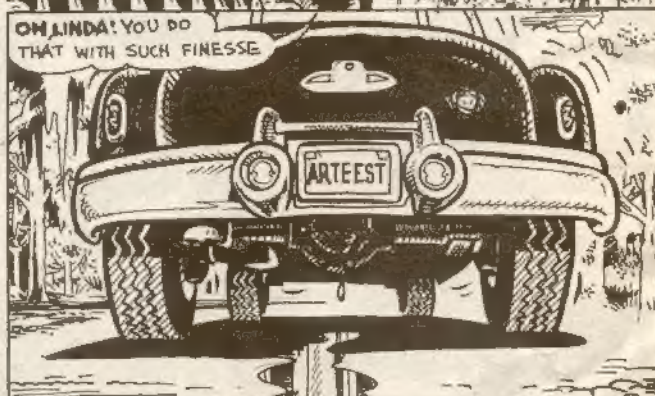


I THINK THAT THE CRITICS HAVE VASTLY UNDERRATED YOUR ACTING ABILITY



A WISE MAN ONCE TOLD ME THAT IF I SHOULD EVER MEET A GREAT ARTIST, I SHOULD IMMEDIATELY GIVE HIM HEAD

HE OFFERED NO REBUTTAL



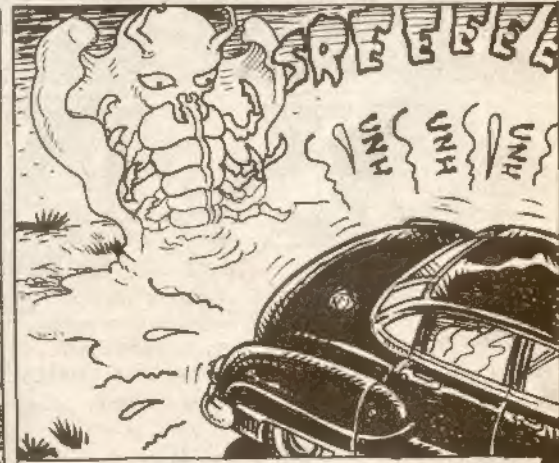
OH LINDA! YOU DO THAT WITH SUCH FINESSE

BUT AT THAT SELF SAME MOMENT, TRANSMISSION FLUID LEAKING DOWN THE TUBE OF THE ENCLOSED DRIVE-SHAFT, DRIPS ONTO THE GROUND



SHE HOPPED INTO THE BACKSEAT (ALSO KNOWN AS "SPAIN'S LITTLE PLAYGROUND")

SPAIN, YOU MADE MY LIPSTICK SMEAR. NOW GET BACK HERE RIGHT NOW



IN THEIR PASSION THEY ARE BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT TRANSMISSION OIL (IN COMBINATION WITH GREASE) IS FATAL FLUID FOR THE SWAMP CREATURE



RUBY THE DYKE ENTERS

THE VIBRATIONS OF THIS SHIP MAKE MY PUSSY TWITCH!!

EVERYTHING MAKES YOUR PUSSY TWITCH, MAXINE

HAVE A BEER!

AAAHHH HOMIN IN

YOU'RE SO COOL, RUBY

"ABOARD RUBY'S STRAD-BLASTER SPACE CRAFT PENETRATOR"

RIIP RIIP RIIP



DOWN BELOW, STAR-EYED STELLA PEERS SKYWARD FROM HER CELL WINDOW

HHMMMM. THAT'S NOT A STAR BUT A SPACE SHIP! AND IT'S HEADING THIS WAY! RESCUE? I MUST GET SHED OF THESE ROTTING ZOMBIES

AAAHHH YOU'RE GOIN INTO A POWER DIVE. YOU IN A HURRY RUBY BABY?

YOU BET YOUR SWEET TWAT! I'VE BEEN TRACKIN' THAT STAR-EYED BITCH ACROSS VAST GALAXIES AND NOW I'VE GOT HER ASS IN MY CROSS HAIRS DUE TO MY HIGH-TECH DETECTING DEVICES HER ASS IS MINE YUM!



THEY LANDED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN.

LOOKEE YAR FLY RAYWAVE! A STRANGE SPACE SHIP UNH!

SKORNK!

SHUT UP AND FUCK

SO WE GOT ANOTHER WAR ON OUR HANDS JUST BECAUSE JESUS NISS FOLLOW MY ORDERS AND ZAP SELA CUNT WHO ARE THESE SENTINELS CREEPS WITH BAD SKIN?

JUST MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

BRITZ



"I DON'T WANT
WAR WITH THESE
SCUMBAGS I DON'T
KNOW THEIR EXACT
STRENGTH THAT'S WHY
WE LANDED WAY OUT HERE
WE ENTER TOWN PEACEFUL LIKE!

FRA

AFTER FINDING OUT THE AMOUNT OF STELLA'S BAIL THEY WENT TO PAY IT



STINK!

BACK AT THE JAIL NOT YOU! EEEEE I WANT A STAY!



MY NIECE IS - I SET
PIE WITH NO - SHE MUST
HAVE BEEN THROUGH A
HAT - BEEN - I WHEN
KE - SON ZE HER ED AUNT
R - BY "SK" SK - I JUST
GET HER IN ME AND TRY
TO COMFORT AND CALM HER



"BY NOW I'VE GIVEN A
SHOT OF NARCO-TICS
TO STELLA! I SHOT HER UP
AND OFF THEY WALKED

MAX'NE FOUND US A
SHACK IN THE
OUTWIRTS OF
TOWN WE'LL GO
THERE



IT AIN'T MUCH
BUT IT'S HOME,
HUN RUBER?

GET THE FUCK INSIDE
THIS WILL BE OUR
EDGE OF OPERATIONS



IN DE THE SHACK
TAVRAT BERNKE! YOU
HE PLAN N'A GET OUT
HERE AND HUSTLE UP SOME
TRICKS FOR SLEEPING
BEAUTY HERE **NOW!**



HIYA STUD! WERE NEW IN TOWN, OBVIOUSLY
JUST CHECK OUT THIS PHOTO!
WHENS THE LAST TIME YOU WERE SUCKED OFF
BY MAGGOTLESS LIPS? DO YOU REMEMBER
WHEN YOU LAST FUCKED A CUNT OR
BUNG HOLE THAT WASNT ON THE VERGE
OF TOTAL DECAY? HMMMMM FOLLOW
ME CASH ONLY
NICE WH TE GIR
COME AND GET



TALK AT
THE SHACK
OL RUBY IS GONNA HELP YOU
GET A NEW ROCKET DOLL FACE
BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO
EARN IT. GIVE OL RUBY A KISS



PRETTY SOON THERE WERE GOBS OF ROTTING ZOMBIES LINED UP...



YOU TELL ME TRUE
AINT THAT SOME
PRIME PUSSY!
YUH!
YUH!
YUH!
VILE
SHUCK
SHUCK
SHUCK



MORE'S BETTER
I WANT SETTER. JUTTA
WE'RE HERE HER DOWN
WEAN HER I BYUNG
HER BAK K I MES ALL
YANE BUT FIRST I GOTTA
OUST THE TAKE
FILTHY ROTTING
ZOMBIE LUCRE



HERE SHE IS RUBY ALL PINK CLEAN AND SQUEAKY LIKE A PEELED SHRIMP!

UH HUH LOOKIN GOOD TIE 'ER ASS DOWN TO THE MATRESS ITS MY TURN NOW



NICE HUH? ALL PERFUMED AND POWDERED JUST FOR YOU RUBY YOUR BUTCHNESS.

SPIT!

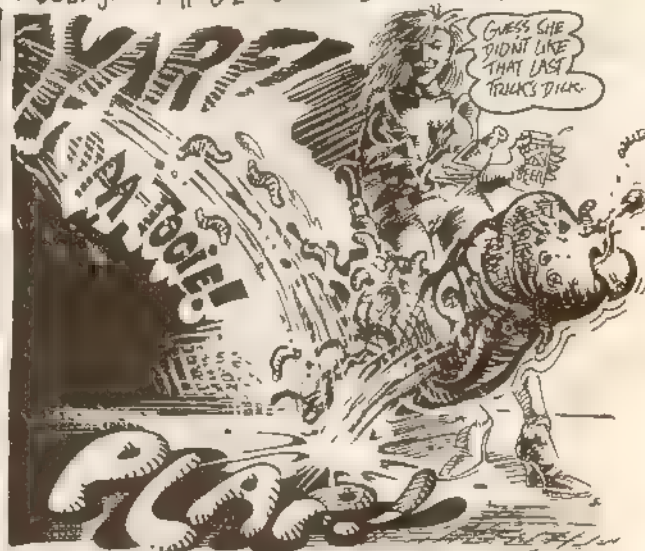
BUT THIS BOX HELD A SURPRISE FOR RUBY! SHE INADVERTENTLY GOBBLED SOME ROTTING ZOMBIE DONG... LEFT BEHIND, INSIDE!



NO MUFF TOO TOUGH, EH, RUBY! HYAW! HYAW!

SIC 'EM, ROBE

?



GUESS SHE DIDNT LIKE THAT LAST TRUCKS DICK.



THAT'LL TEACH HER. SHE GOT A REAL MOUTHFULL THAT TIME! IM GLAD WE LEFT THAT LOAD OF CHOND IN STELLA'S COOZE! IM SICK OF RUBY'S GREED! NOTICE SHE COUNTED THE MONEY BEFORE SHE JUMPED STELLA'S BONES. SHE DOESNT EVEN NOTICE US WHEN STAR EYES IS HERE! LEFT TO GIVE US ORDERS!

FUCK RUBY!

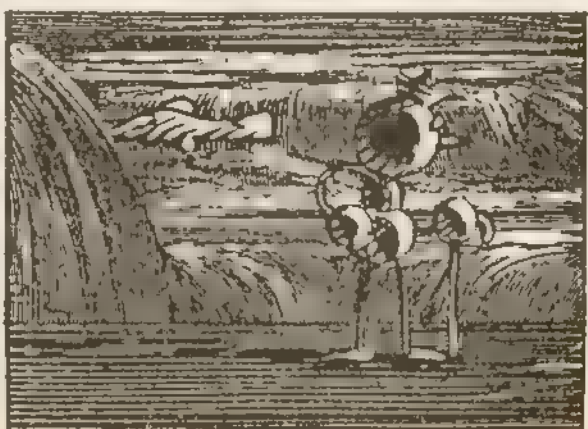
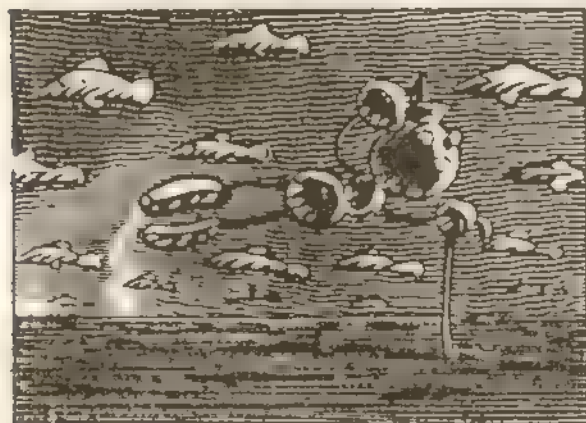
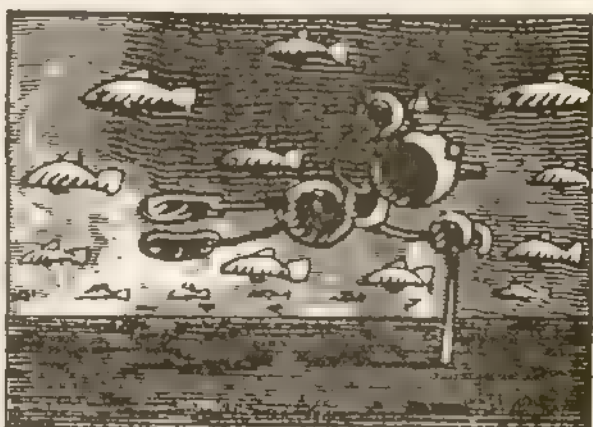
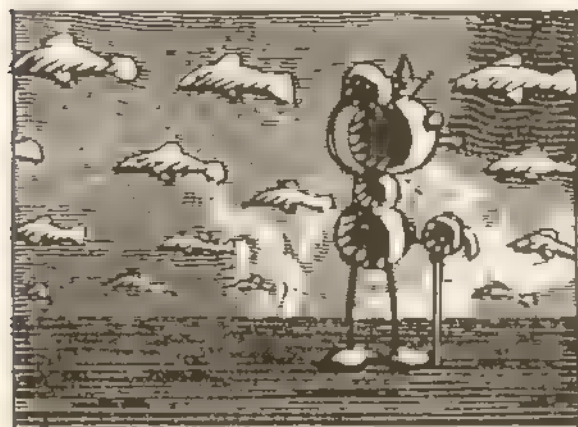
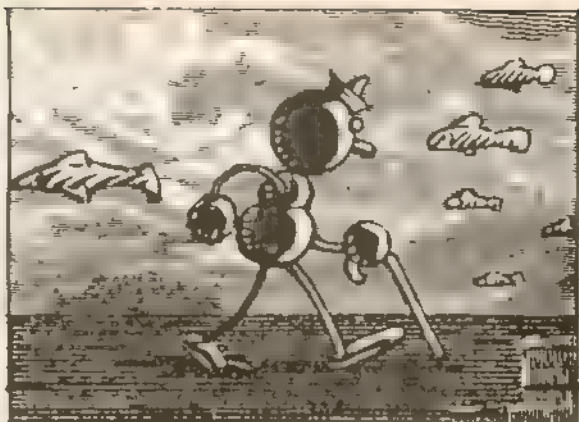
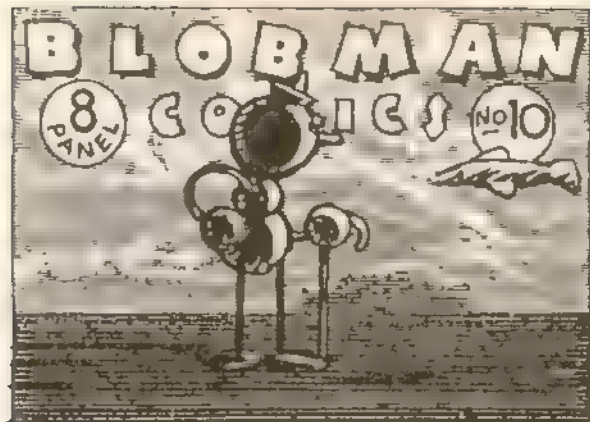
SHE'S GONNA GIVE US HELL WHEN SHE QUITS BARTH. I BET

AS TURMOL BREWED BELOW THE CHECKERED DEMON ROCKEED ABOVE.



GOT TO LAND SOON AND GET MORE BEER!

WHAT NEXT?

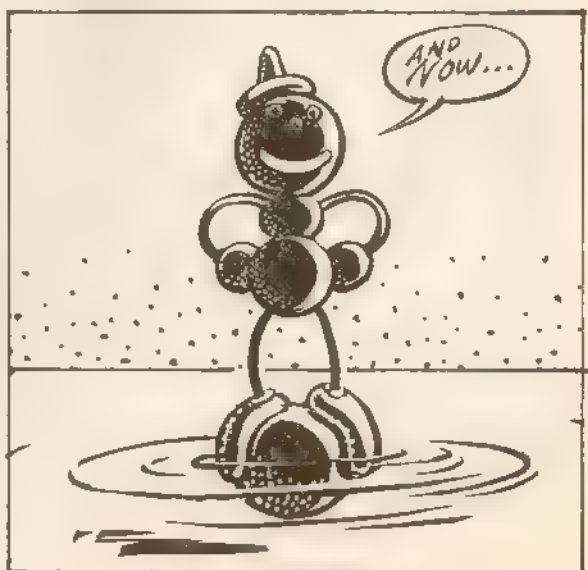
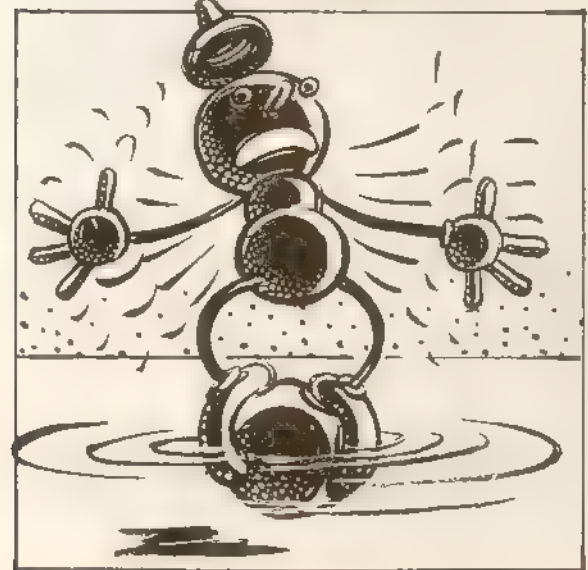
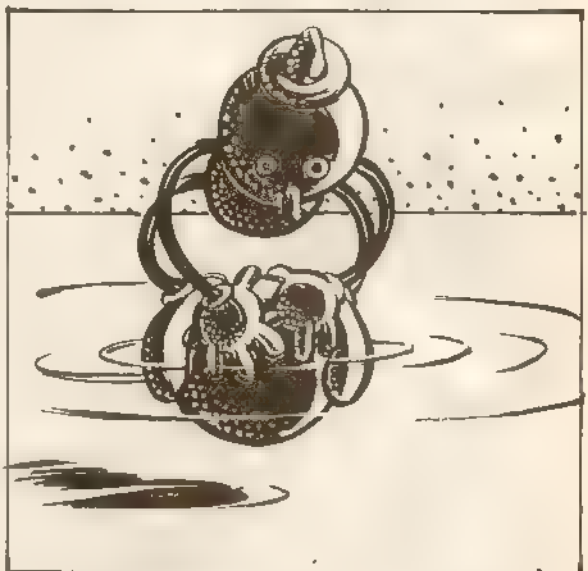
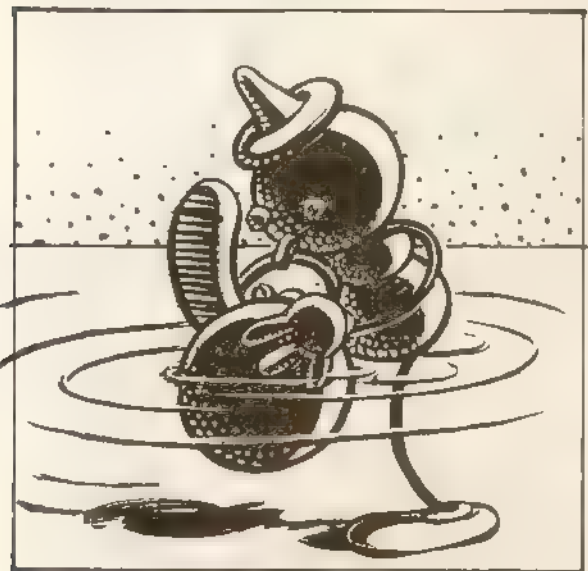
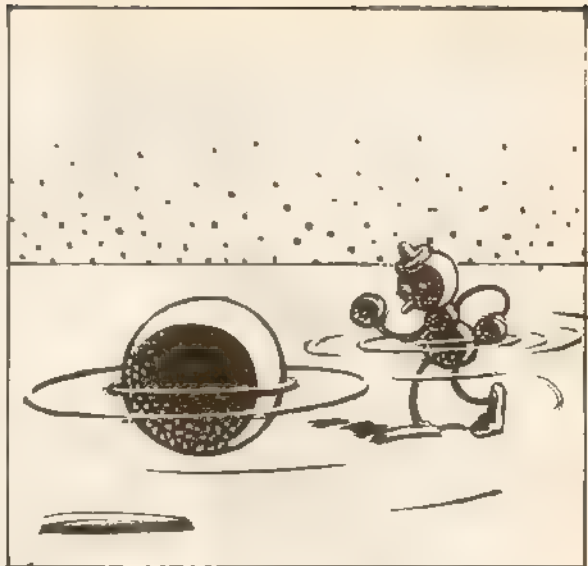
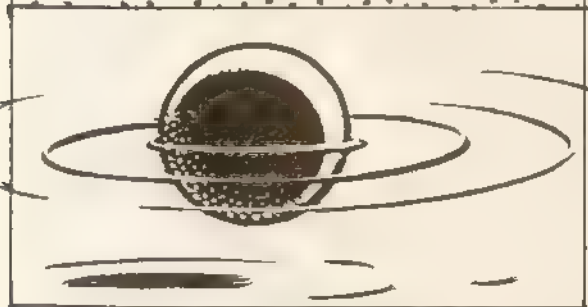


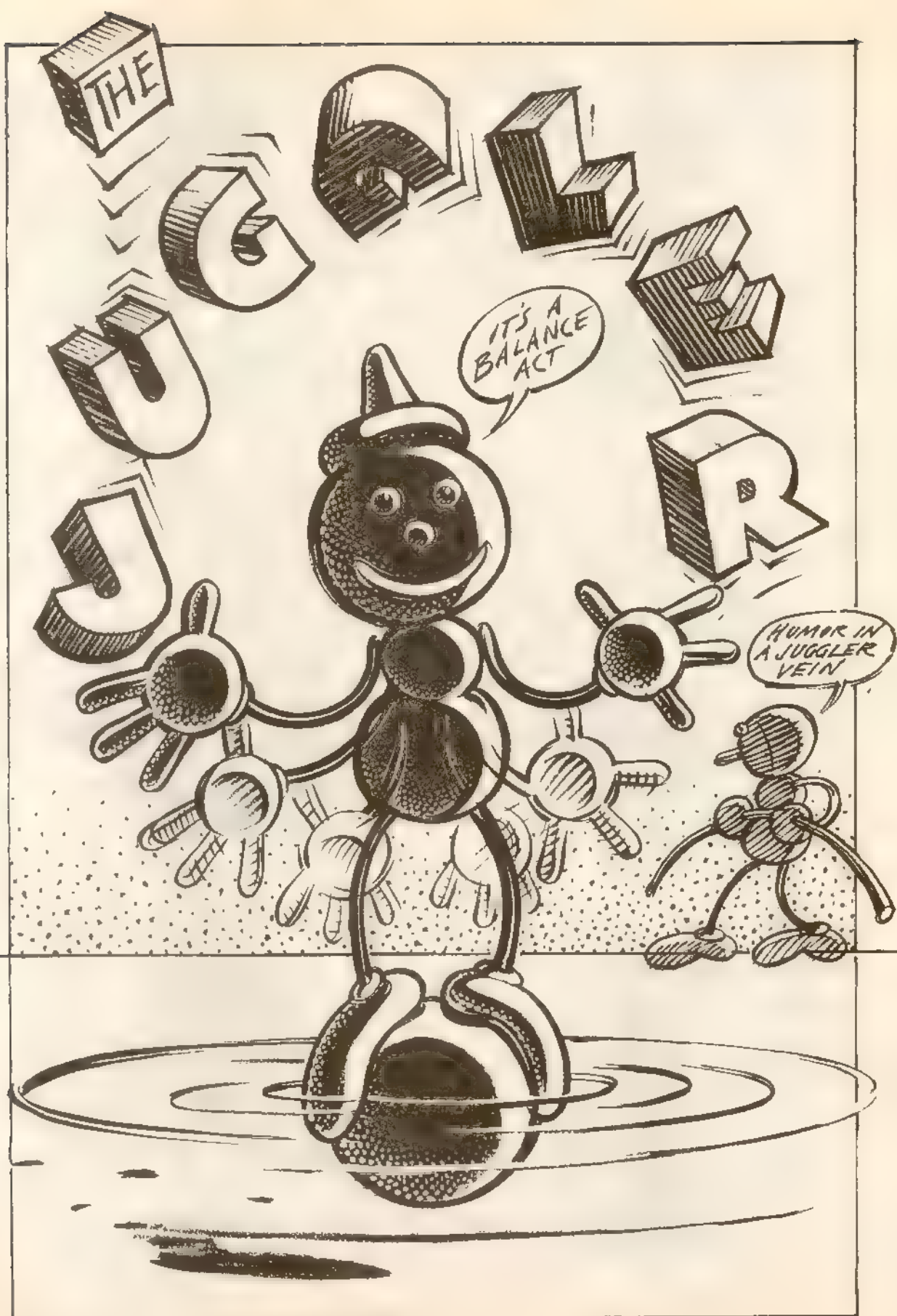


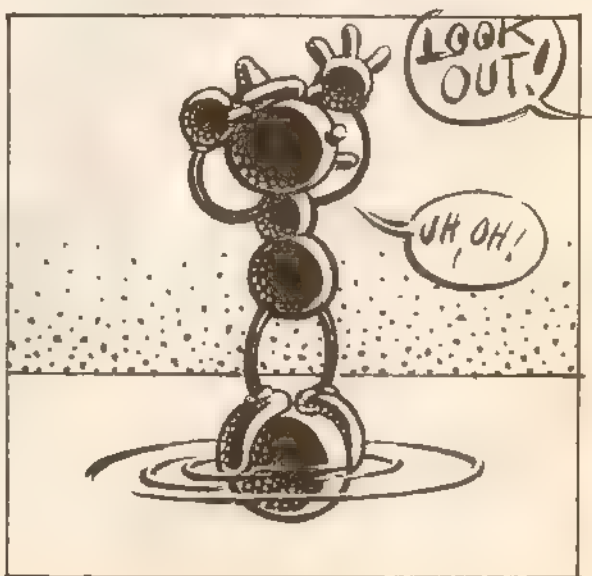
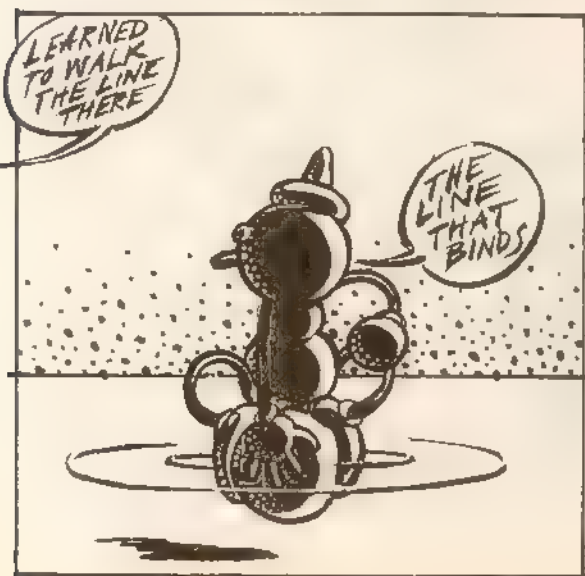
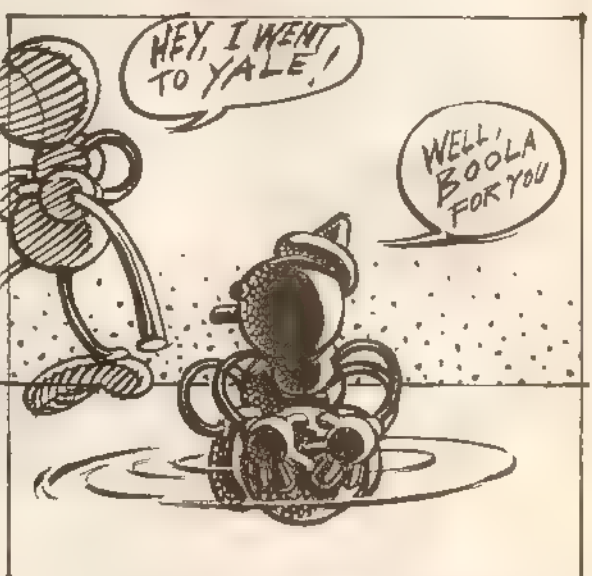
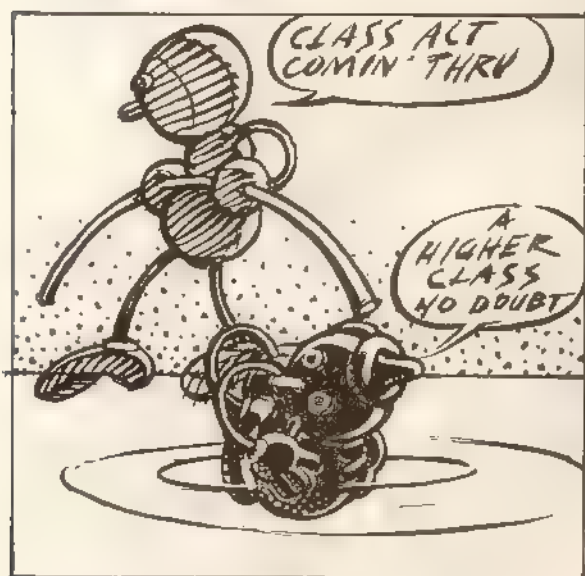
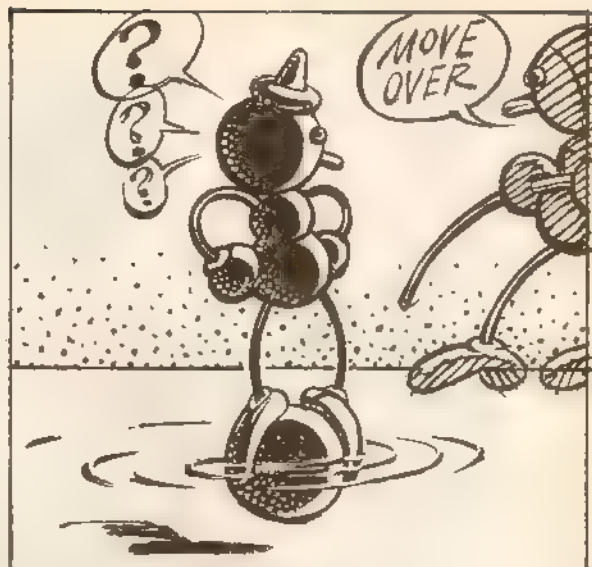
LITTLE MORONS AND BIG
D.O.'S TORTURE
THE CHECKERED DEMON
BY READING CHICKEN
BOOKS TO HIM
TRADE, BY KIM W. JONES
© 1984, MAY 15, 1984

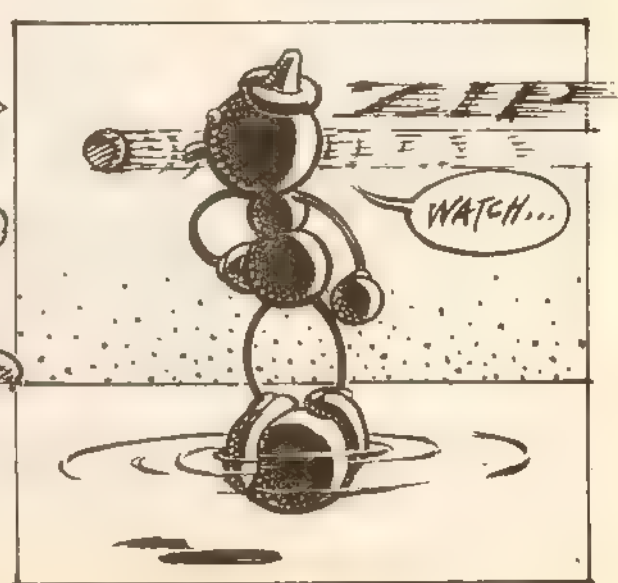
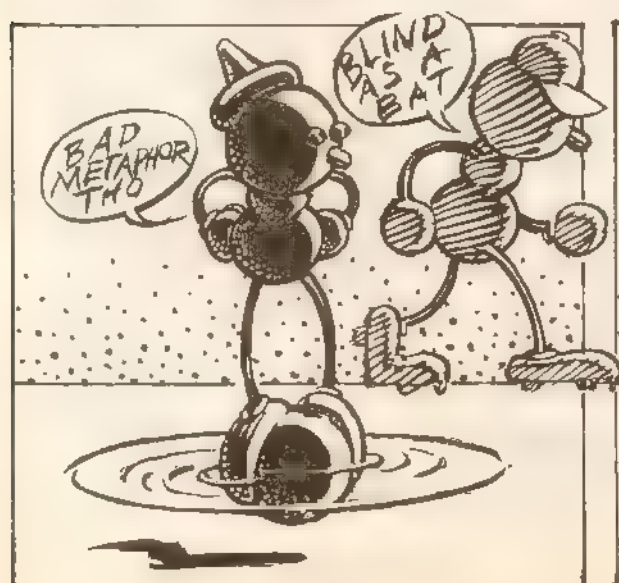
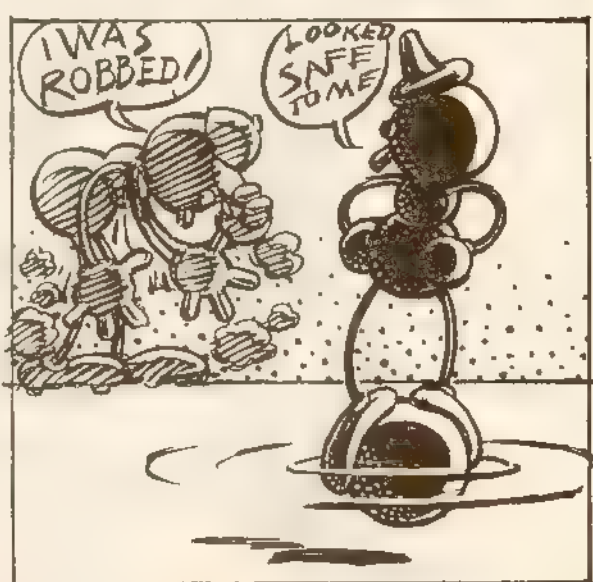
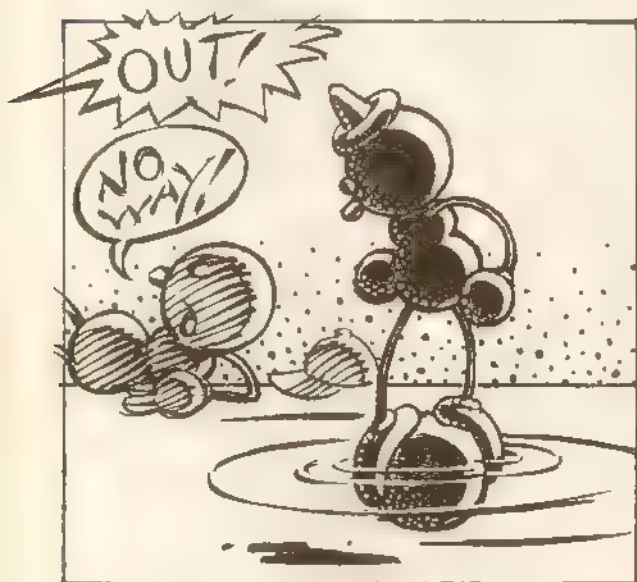
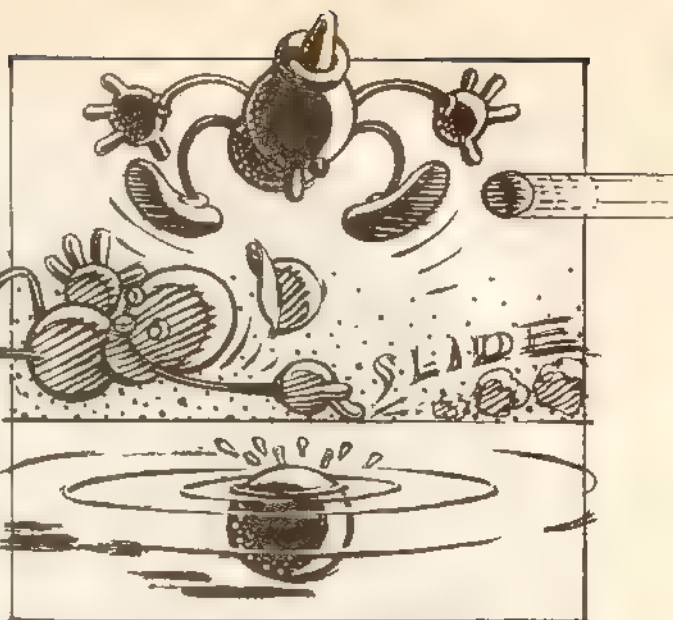
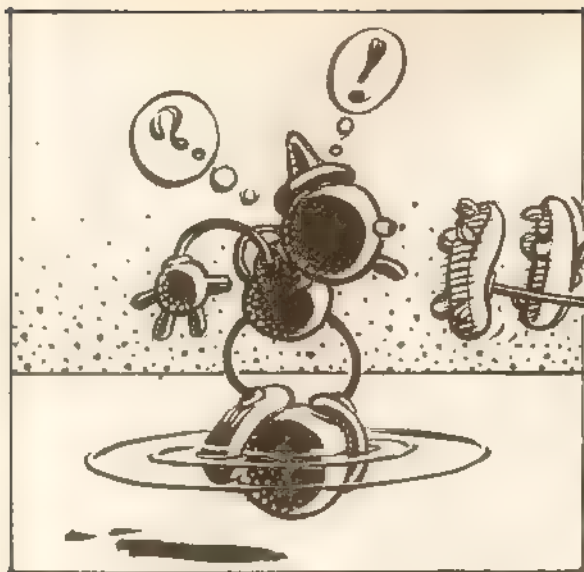


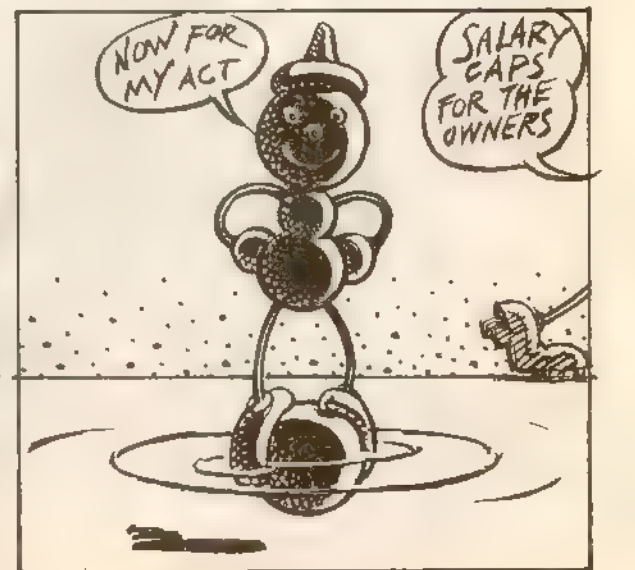
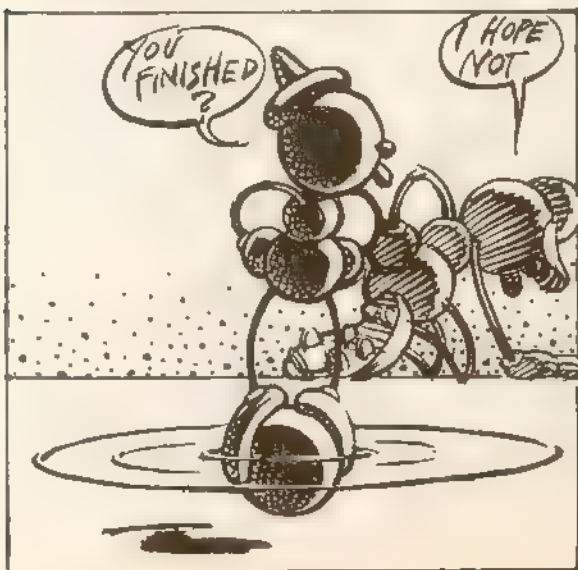
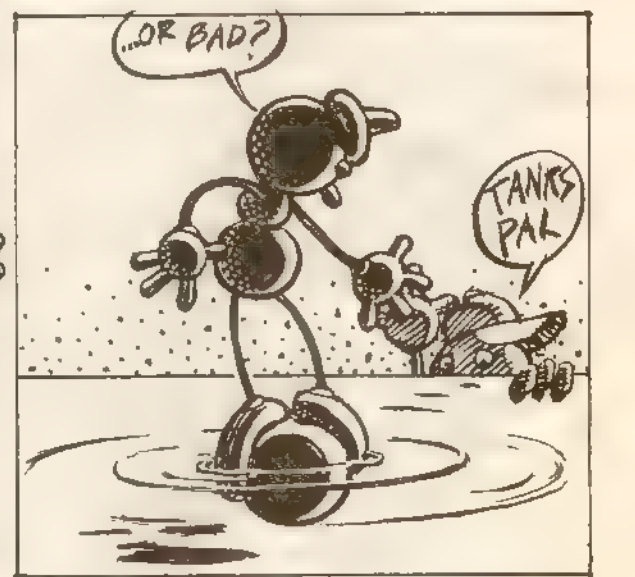
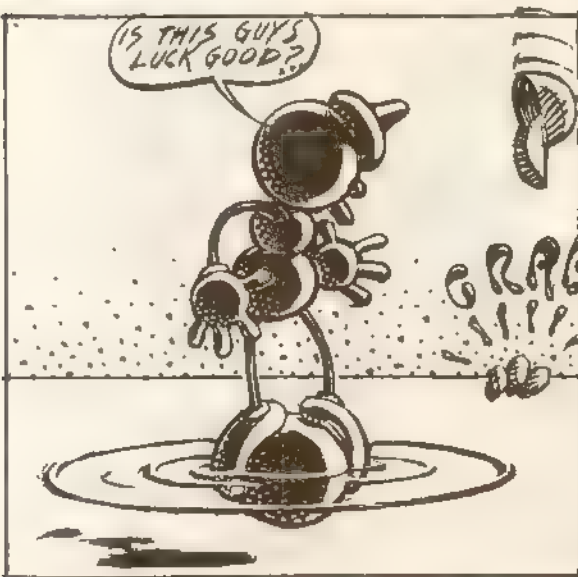
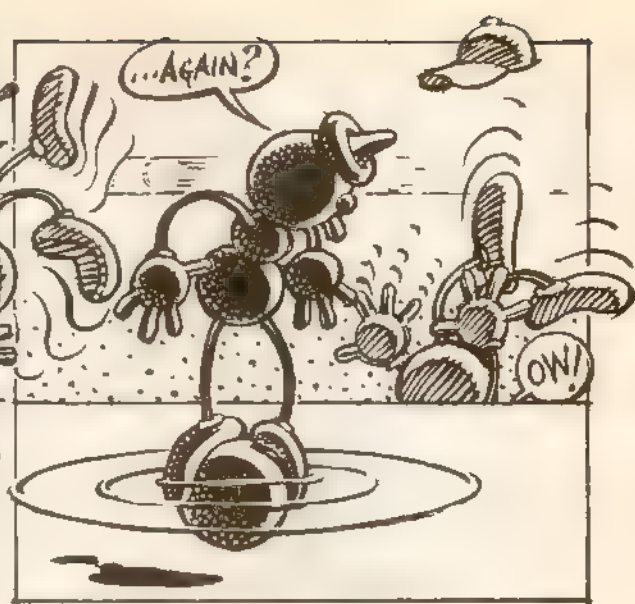
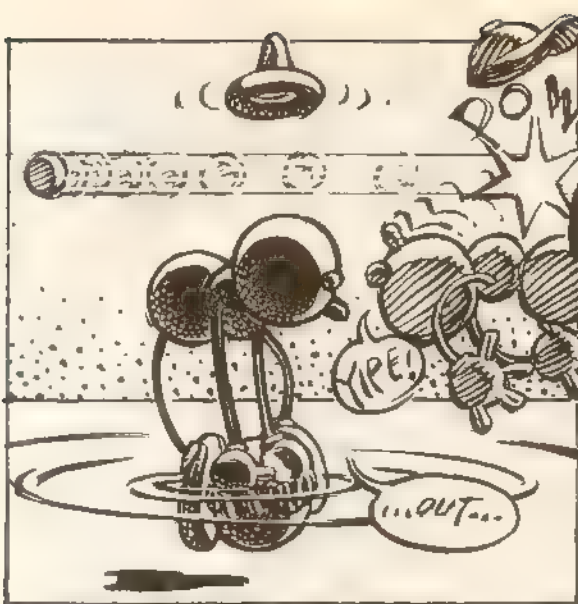
IN THE BEGINNING...

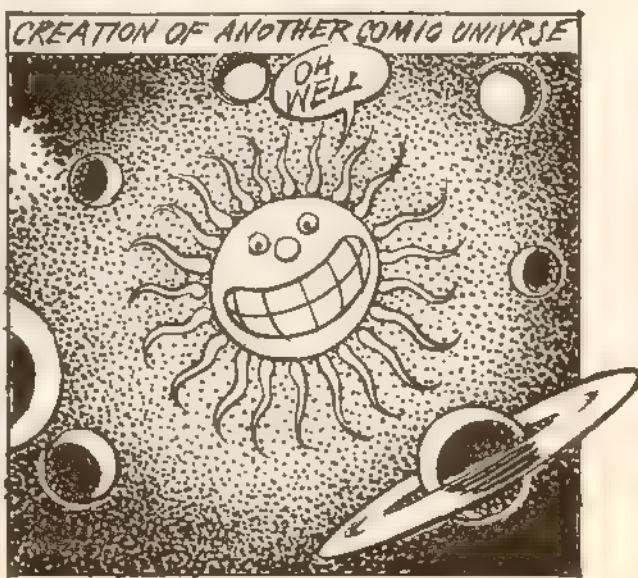
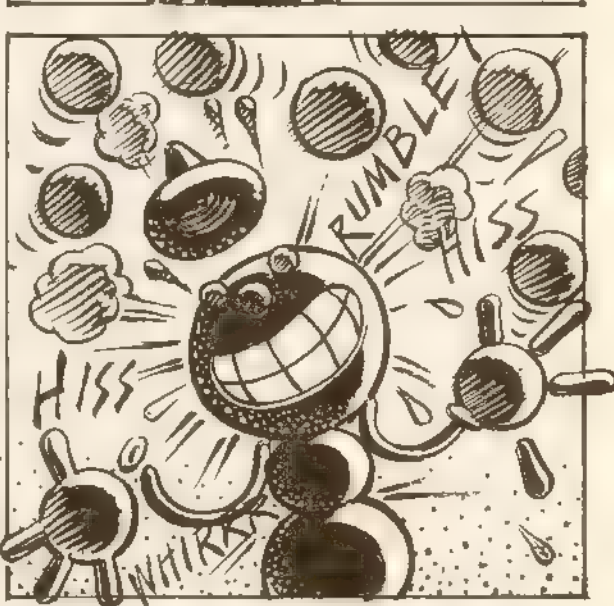
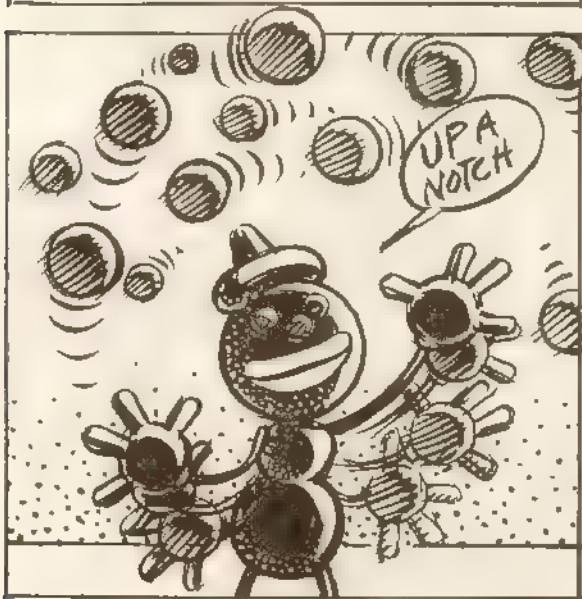
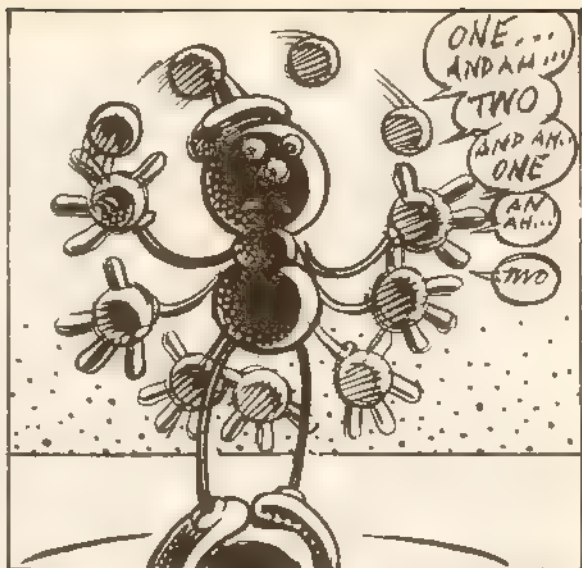
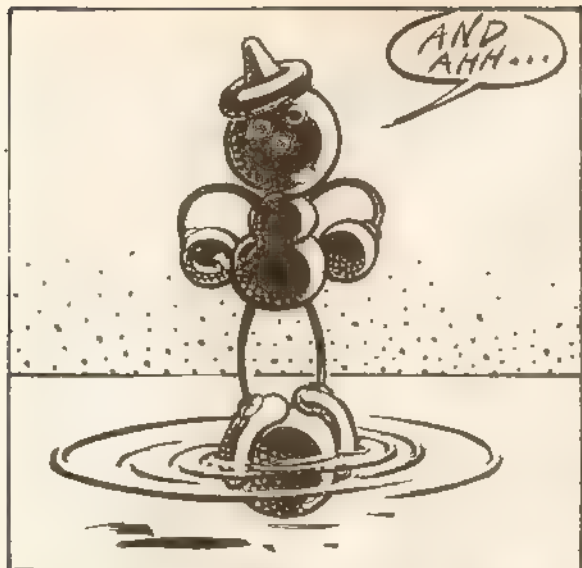






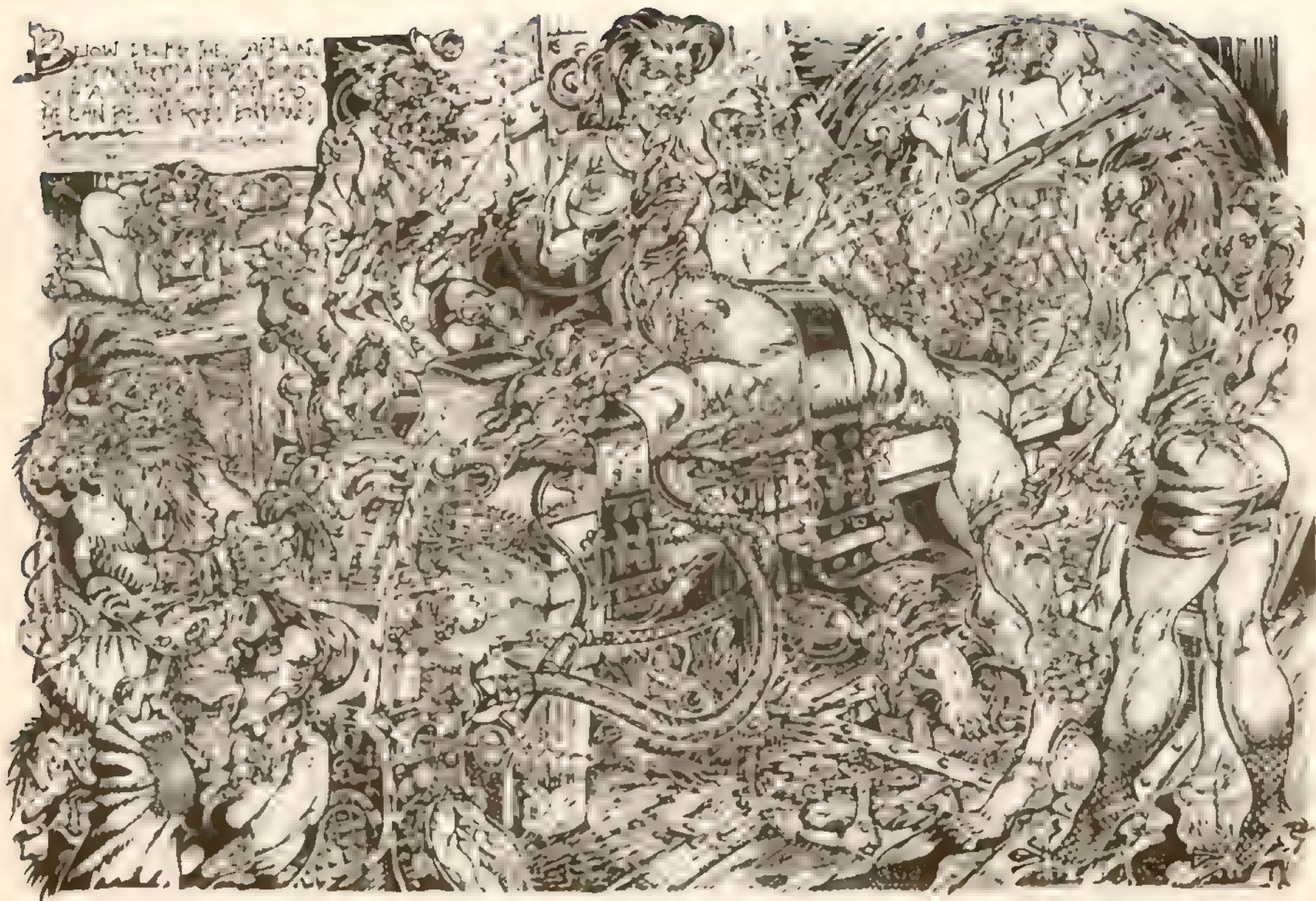




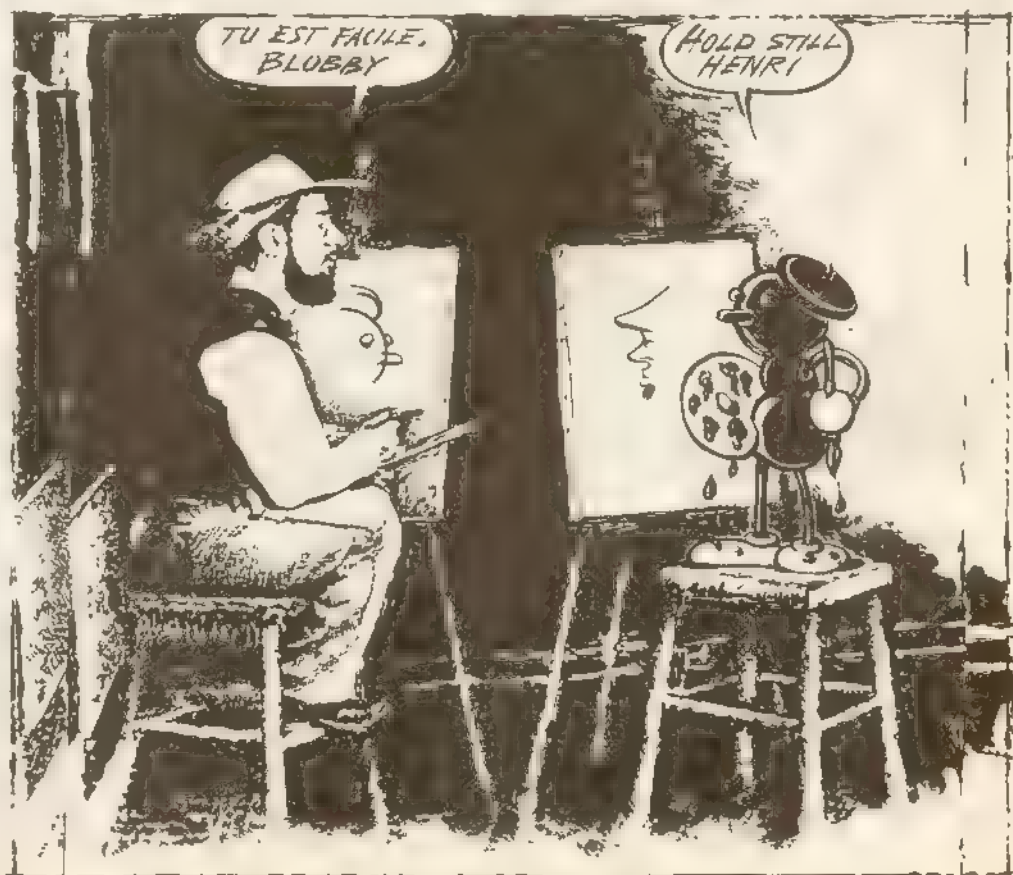




Below left to the right.
The first of the series
of the "The Great
The Great The Great The Great"



HENRI & BLOBBY

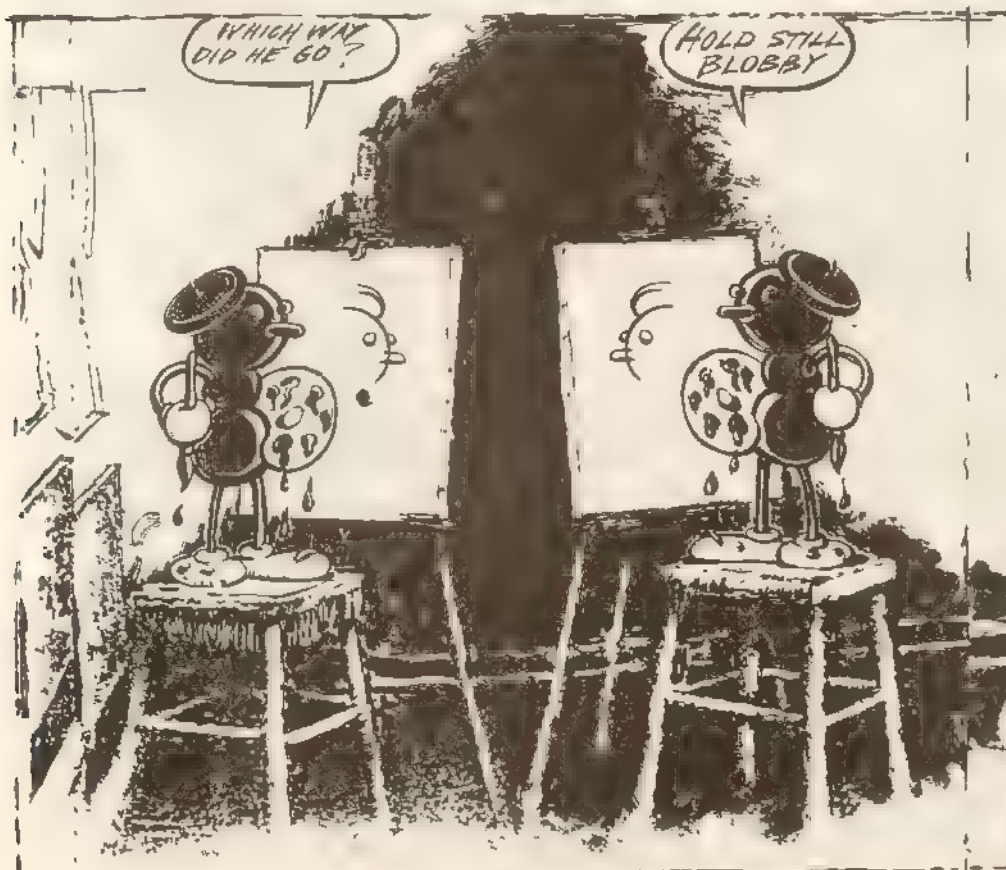


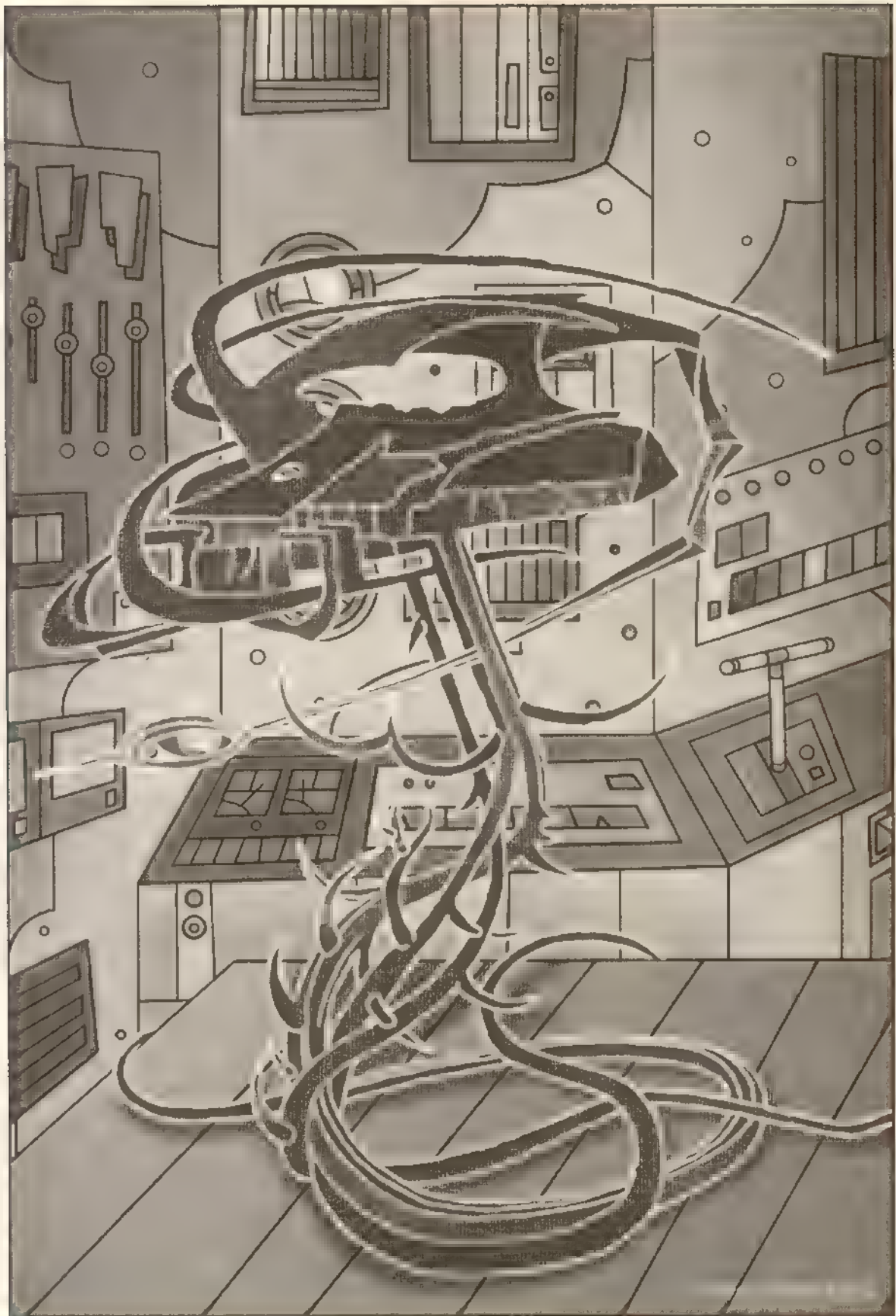


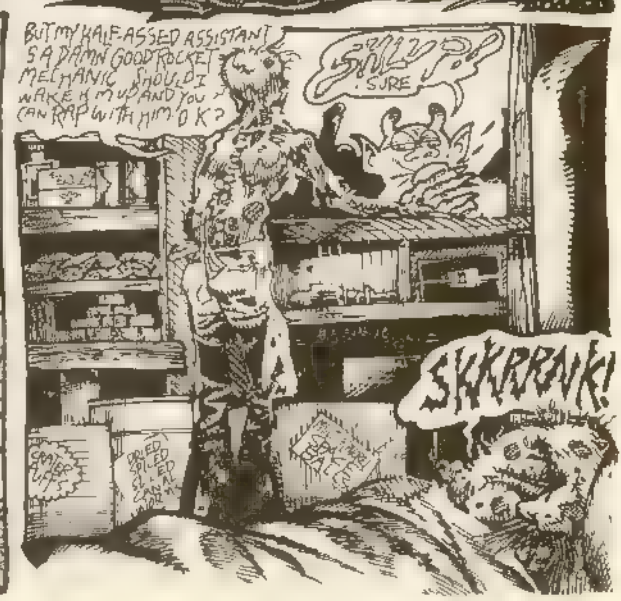
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AFTER A BRIEF CHAT, THE CHECKERED DEMON AND MORT, THE ASSISTANT, AMBLED OVER TO THE ROCKET!!!



18 BUT STAR-EYED STELLA ESCAPED DURING THE FRACAS. RUBY THE DYKE GOT WORKED OVER BY ZOMBIE AND MUTINEER!

I'M SURE A POPULAR COMMODITY WHILE THEY DUKE IT OUT, I'LL JUST GRAB THE BUCKS AND CUT! AFTER ALL I EARNED IT. WHAT A BATCH OF ASSHOLES!



STELLA SCREES RUN! AS THE APPROACHING CHELSEAIST 'BRAIN



THE DEMON OF STELLA THE PLANET TOGETHER. HE'D HAD THE NEEDLES A COCKET THEY CHARGES AND HE I KNEW FOR A BURN'T OUT TOGETHER

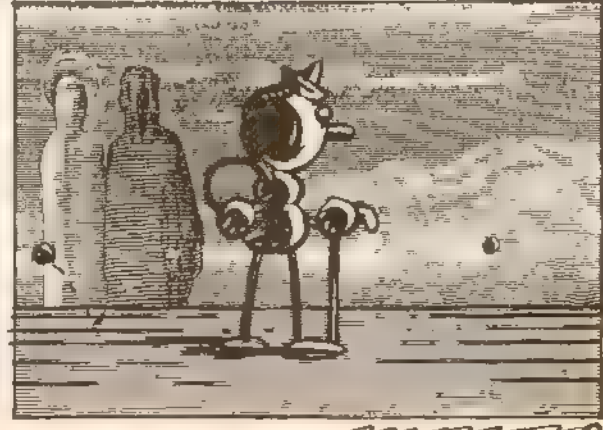
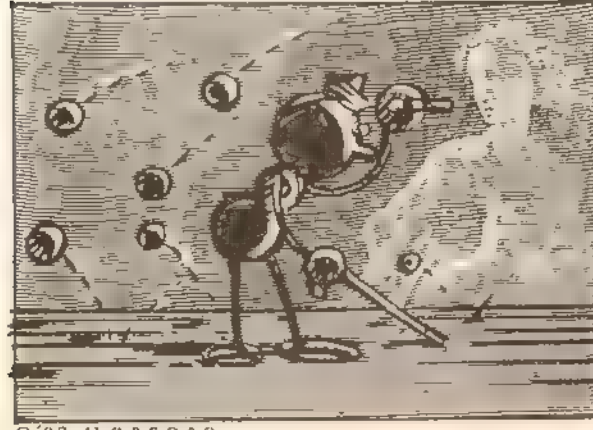
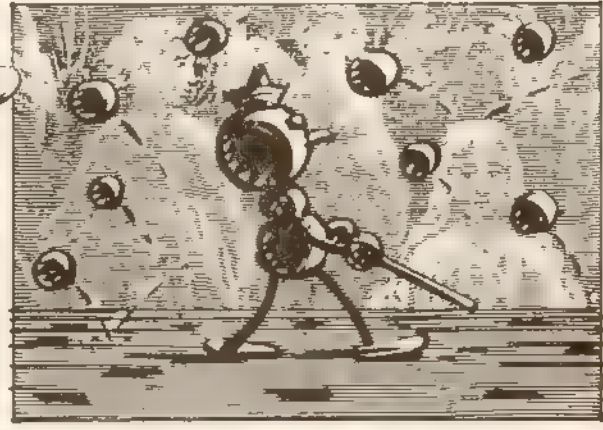
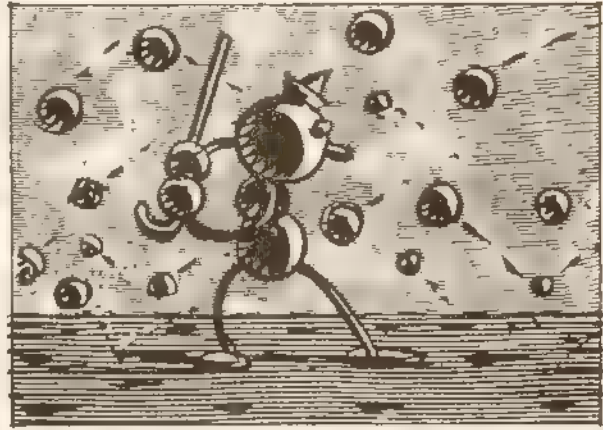
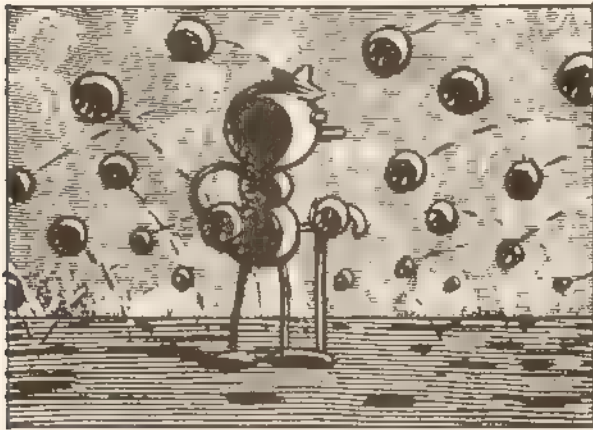
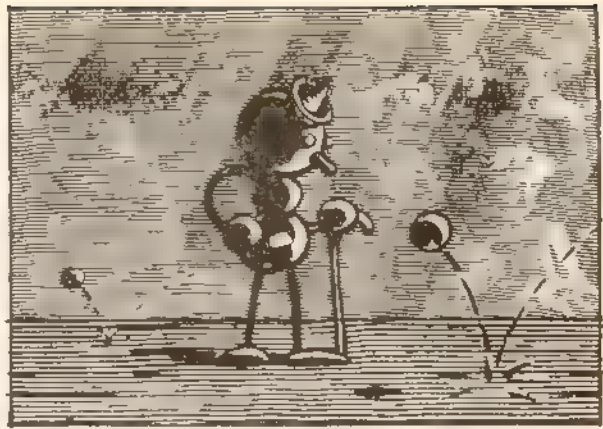
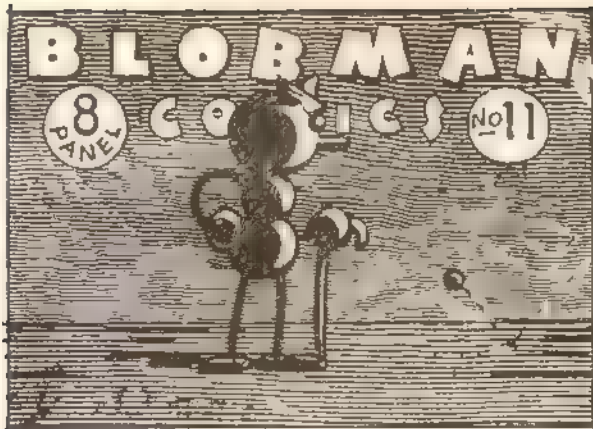


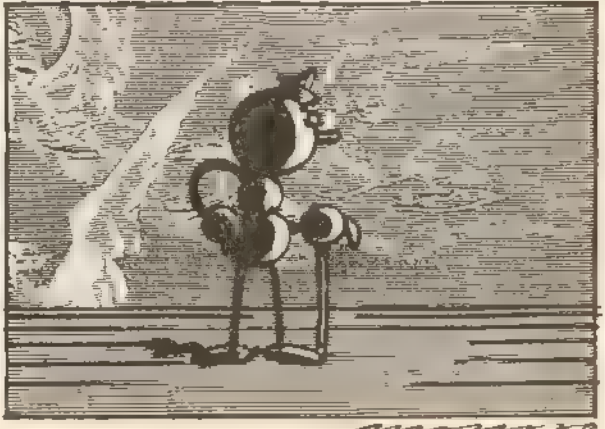
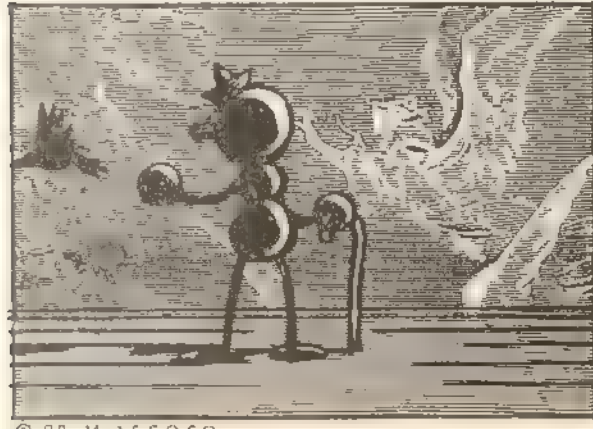
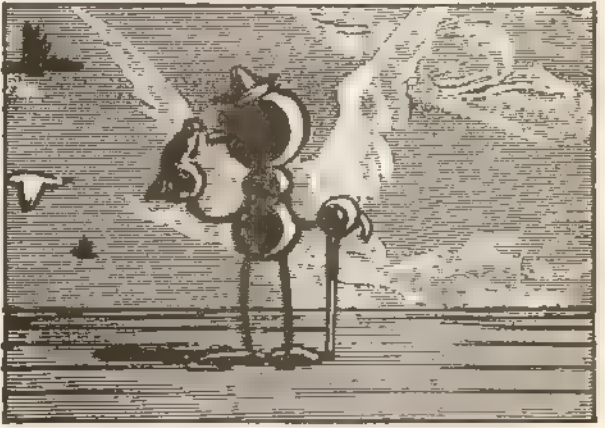
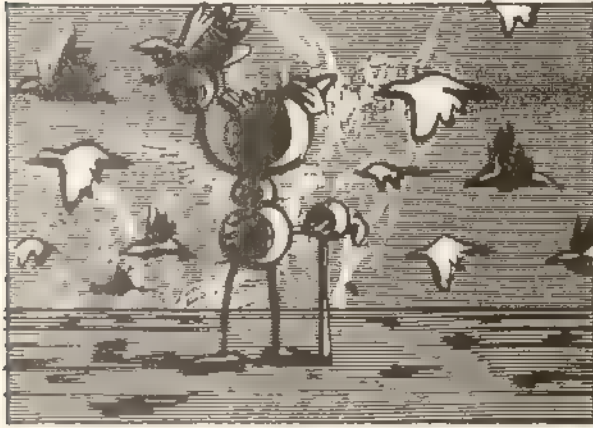
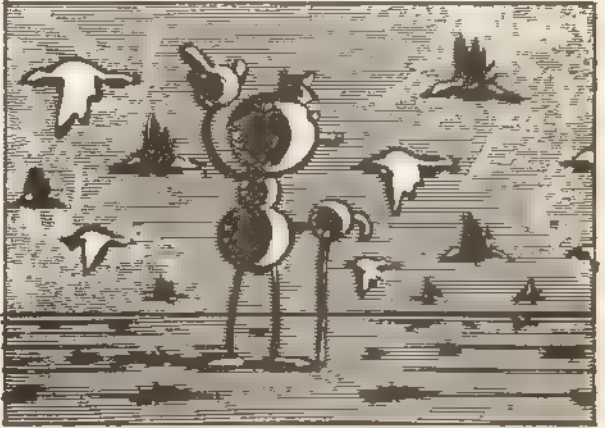
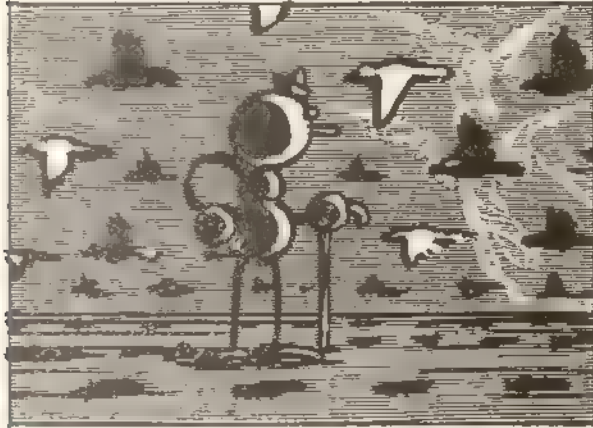
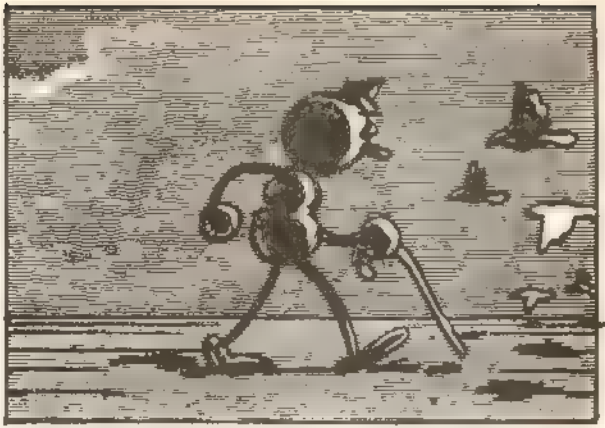
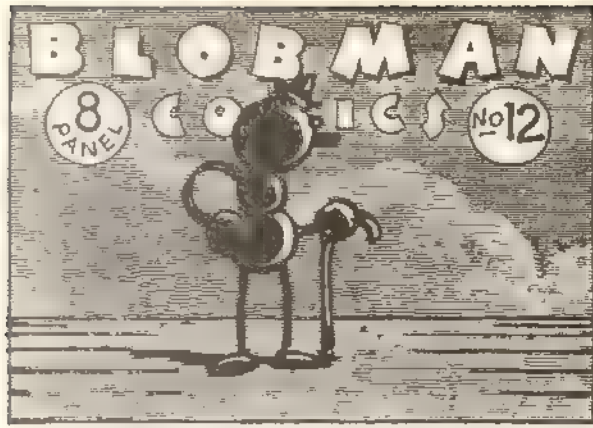
WHEN THEY GOT BACK TO X'PORT THE 'CRACK' WAS READY TO ROAR AGAIN. STELLA HAD A MUTINEER TRUCK NERVE

HEY! - I'VE GOT ME ANY AIDE & SAVVY. NOT NO GADGETS. I'VE GOT ME IN BELOW



END

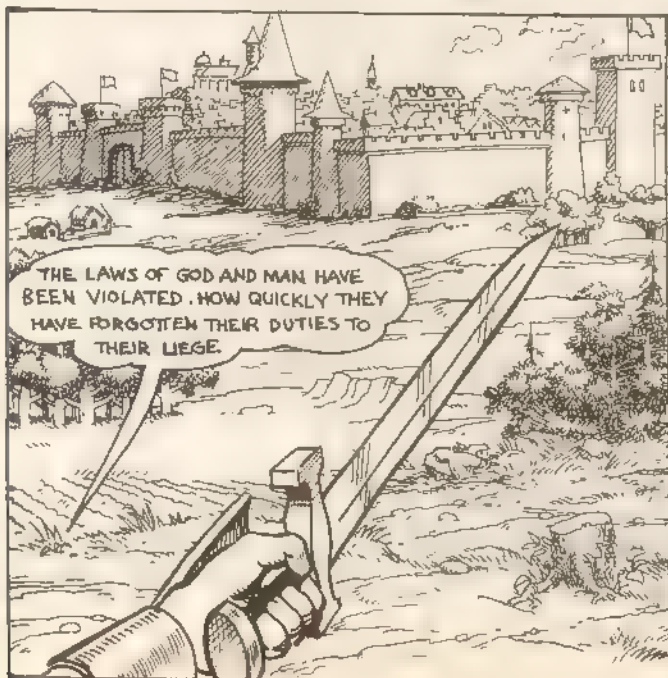
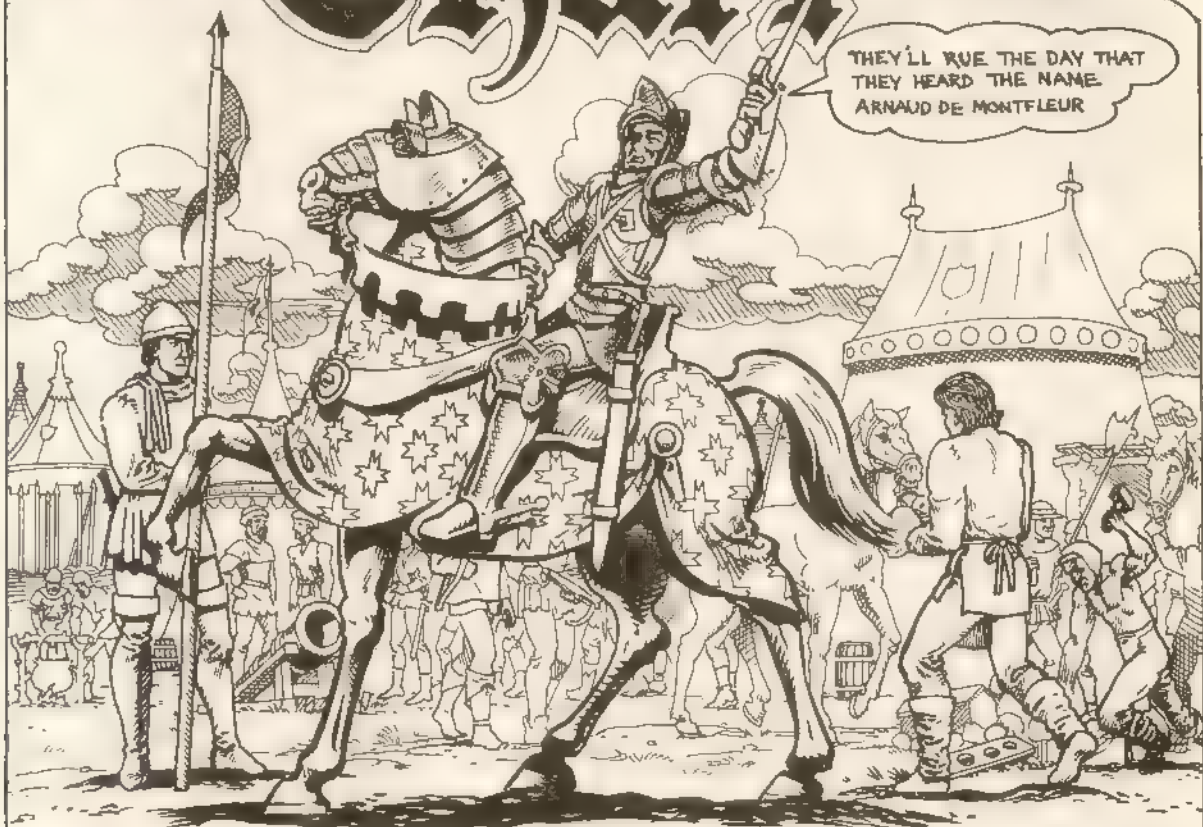




the Chup!

THE NOBLE LOOKED ACROSS THE FIELDS, TO THE CITY HE SO DETESTED. THE CITY WHERE SO MANY OF HIS SERFS HAD FLED TO...

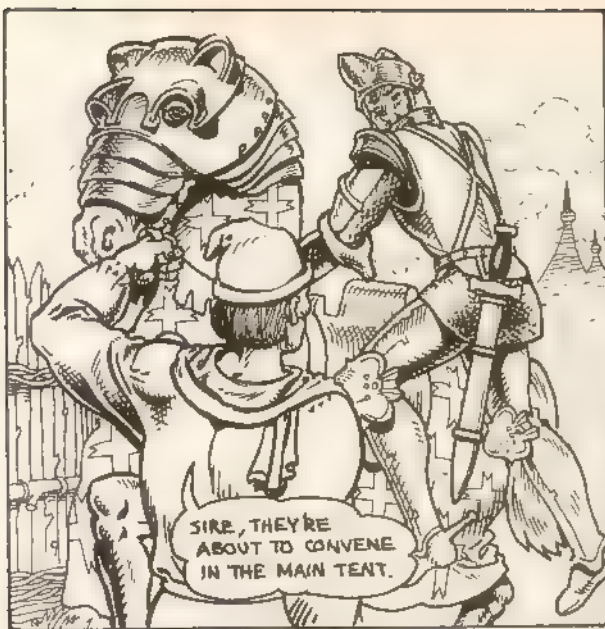
THEY'LL RUE THE DAY THAT THEY HEARD THE NAME ARNAUD DE MONTFLEUR



THE LAWS OF GOD AND MAN HAVE BEEN VIOLATED. HOW QUICKLY THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR DUTIES TO THEIR LIEGE.



WE ARE NOW HERE TO REMIND THEM THAT THEIR DEBT HAS COME DUE.



SIRE, THEY'RE ABOUT TO CONVENE IN THE MAIN TENT.



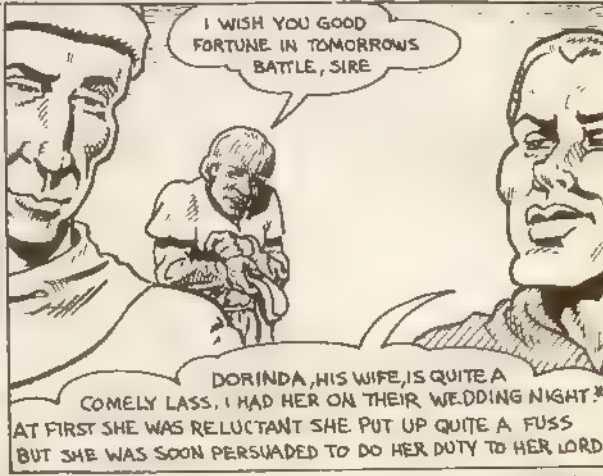
I HAVE HEARD DISTURBING RUMORS ABOUT WHAT IS TO BE DISCUSSED, ROTHMIRE.

THE NOBLE CHANGED FROM HIS ARMOUR, ON HIS WAY TO THE MAIN TENT HE WAS GREETED BY ONE OF HIS SERFS



GOOD DAY, SIRE

AH! TOM THE TINKER! BE SURE TO GIVE DORINDA MY REGARDS.



I WISH YOU GOOD FORTUNE IN TOMORROW'S BATTLE, SIRE

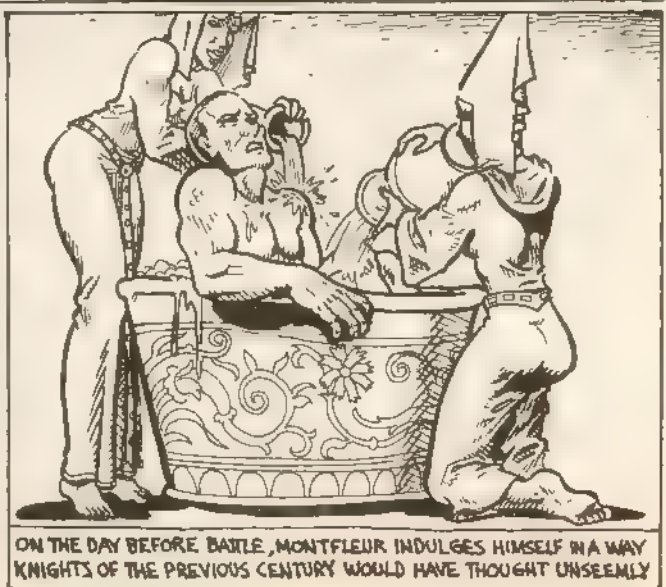
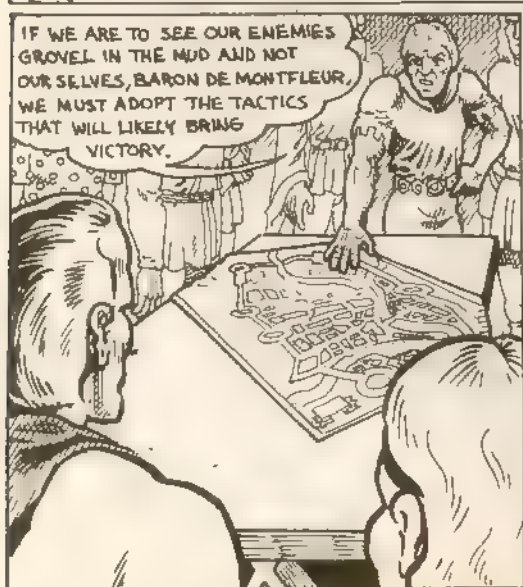
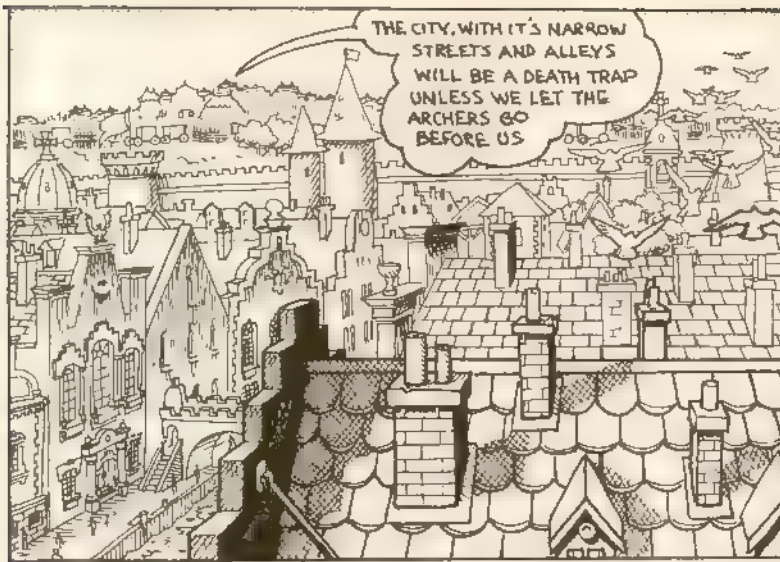
DORINDA, HIS WIFE, IS QUITE A COMELY LASS. I HAD HER ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT. AT FIRST SHE WAS RELUCTANT SHE PUT UP QUITE A FUSS BUT SHE WAS SOON PERSUADED TO DO HER DUTY TO HER LORD

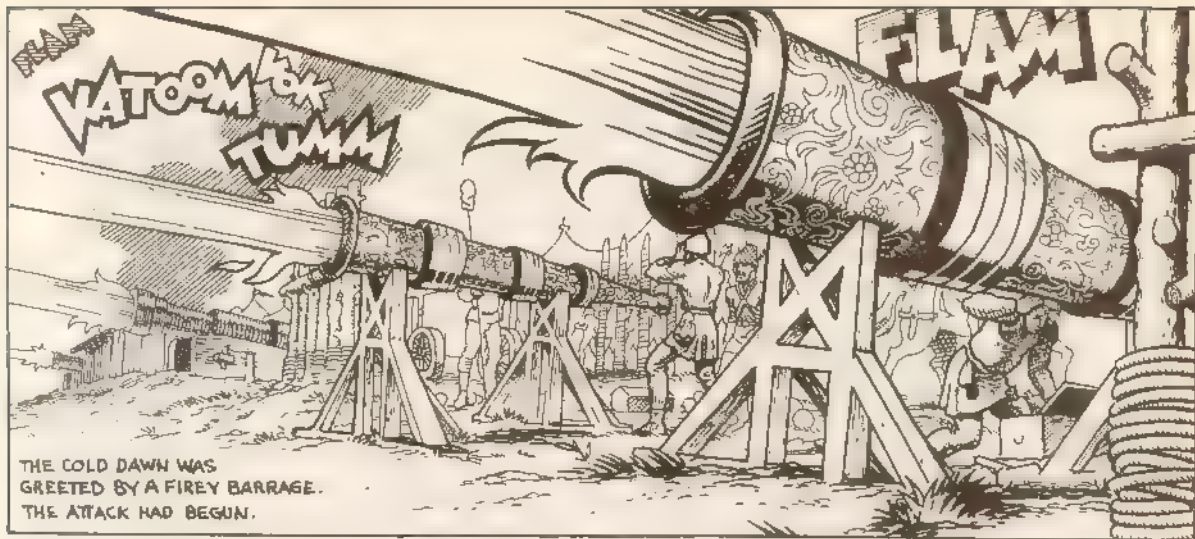
I HEAR, YOU WANT ARCHERS TO PROCEED US WHEN WE ENTER THE CITY



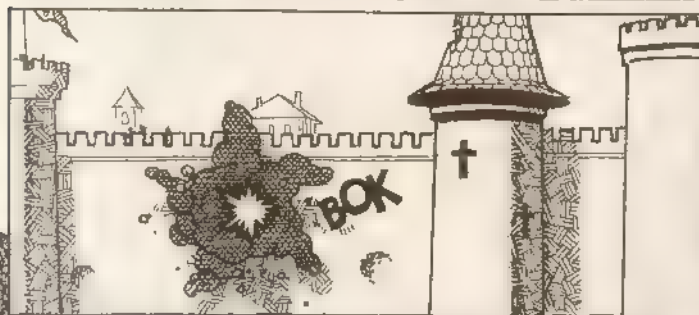
IT IS WHAT MUST BE IF WE ARE TO HAVE ANY CHANCE OF SECURING THE CITY

* EDITORS NOTE: ACCORDING TO THE MEDIEVAL TRADITION OF DROT'S GNEUR, THE LORD OF THE MANOR WAS ENTITLED TO SEX WITH THE BRIDE OF ANY SERF ON HER WEDDING NIGHT

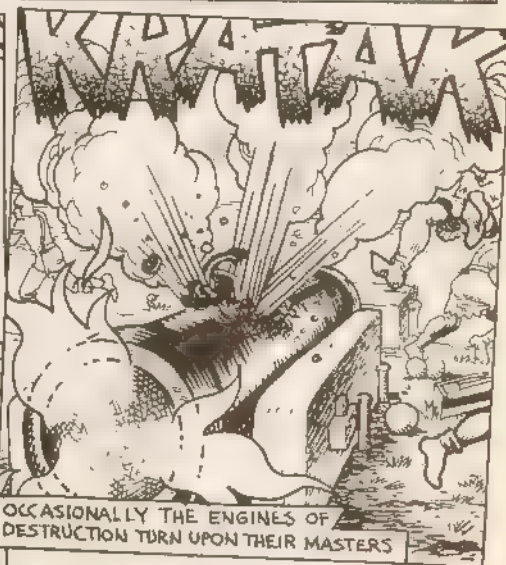




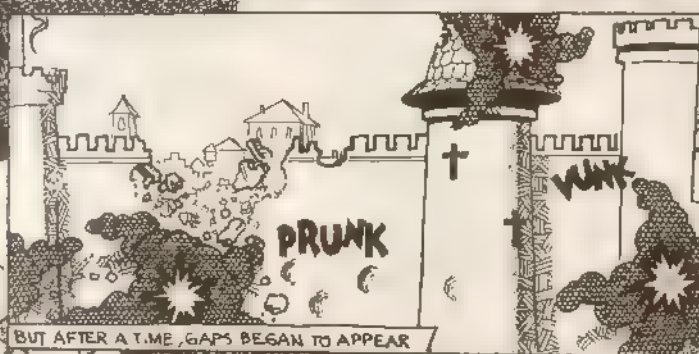
THE COLD DAWN WAS
GREETED BY A FIREY BARRAGE.
THE ATTACK HAD BEGUN.



AT FIRST THE WALLS HELD AGAINST THE INTENSE BOMBARDMENT

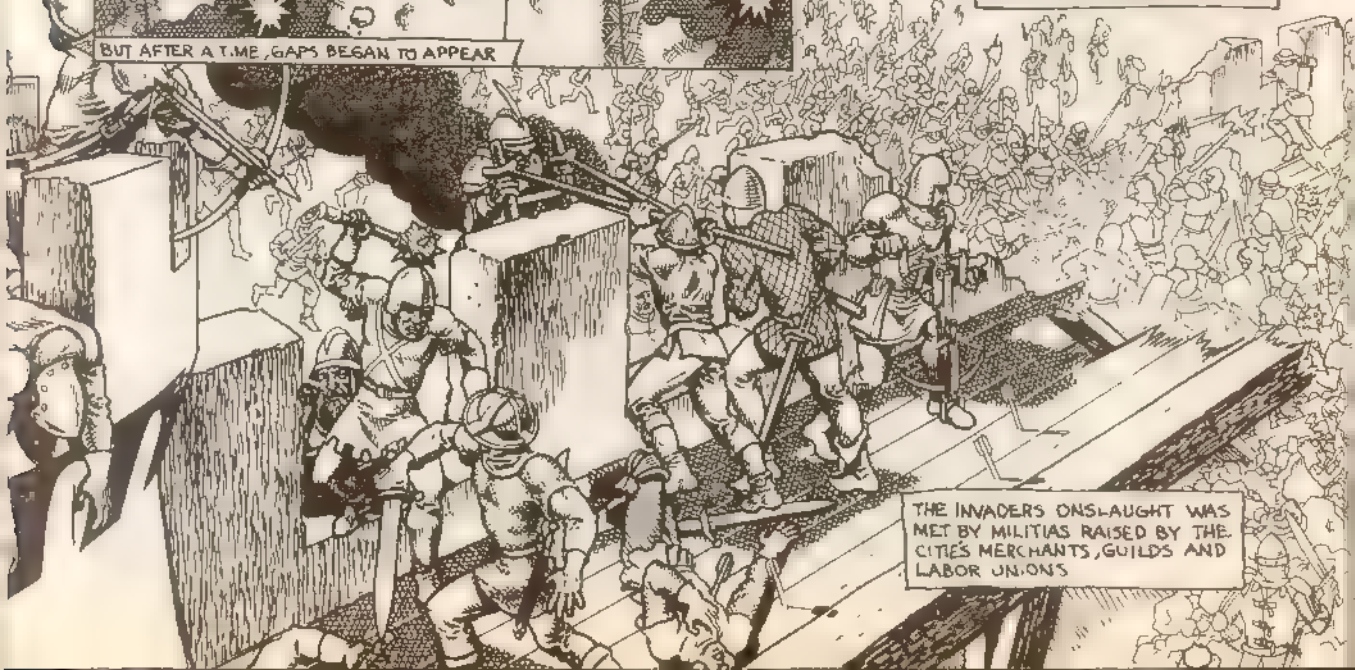


OCCASIONALLY THE ENGINES OF
DESTRUCTION TURN UPON THEIR MASTERS



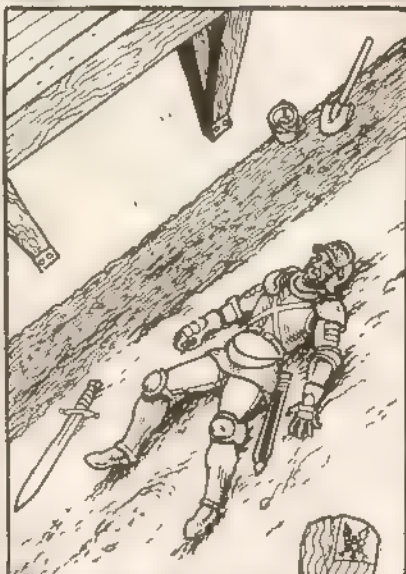
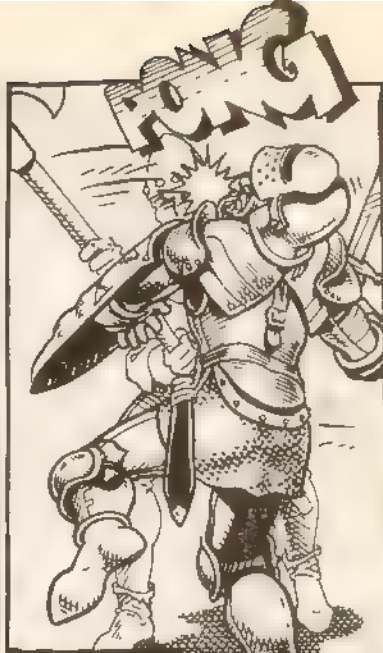
BUT AFTER A TIME, GAPS BEGAN TO APPEAR

EAGER FOR PLUNDER, THE
SOLDIERS STORMED THE WALLS

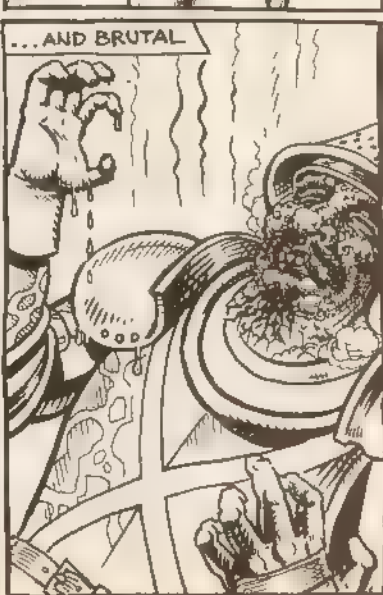
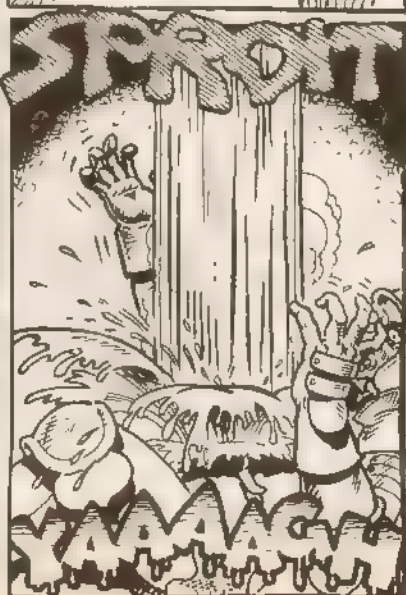
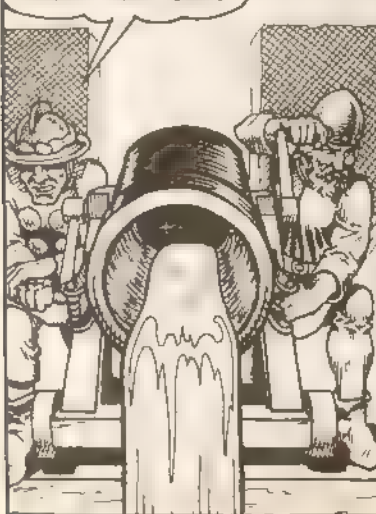


THE INVADERS ONSLAUGHT WAS
MET BY MILITIAS RAISED BY THE
CITIES MERCHANTS, GUILDS AND
LABOR UNIONS

FIGHTING ON THE RAMPARTS
WAS FIERCE...



COOK THE PIGGY IN HIS
OWN JUICES!





ONCE INSIDE THE WALLS THE INVADERS ADVANCED SLOWLY AS BOWMEN CLEARED RESISTANCE FROM THE BUILDINGS

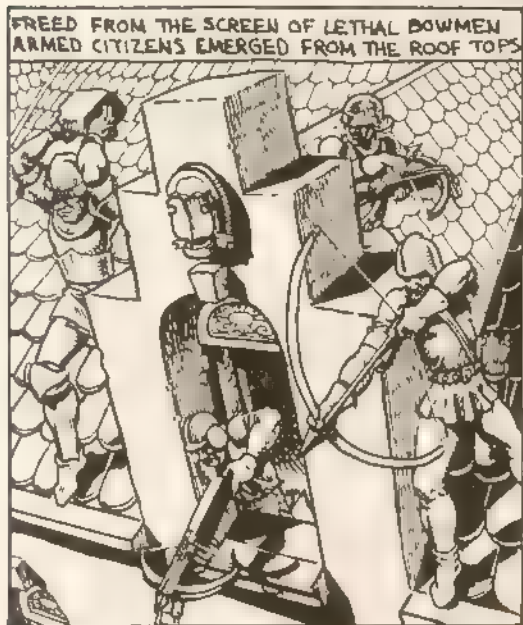


BUT SIRE DE MONTFLEUR HAD OTHER IDEAS

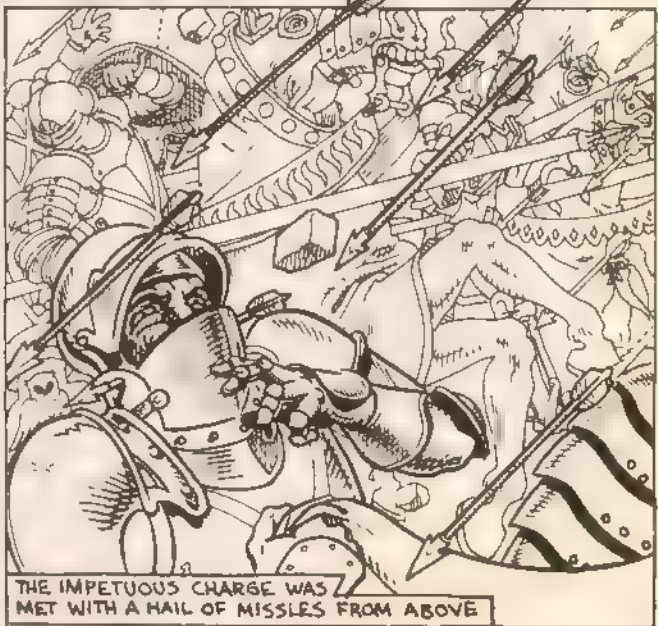
THIS FARCE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH. THE ARCHERS ARE PLAINLY BENT ON STEALING THE GLORY THAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS.



THE NOTION OF THE ARCHERS ATTEMPTING TO STEAL THEIR "GLORY" ENRAGED THE KNIGHTS, WHO THEN PROCEEDED TO RIDE DOWN THEIR OWN MEN



FREED FROM THE SCREEN OF LETHAL BOWMEN ARMED CITIZENS EMERGED FROM THE ROOF TOPS



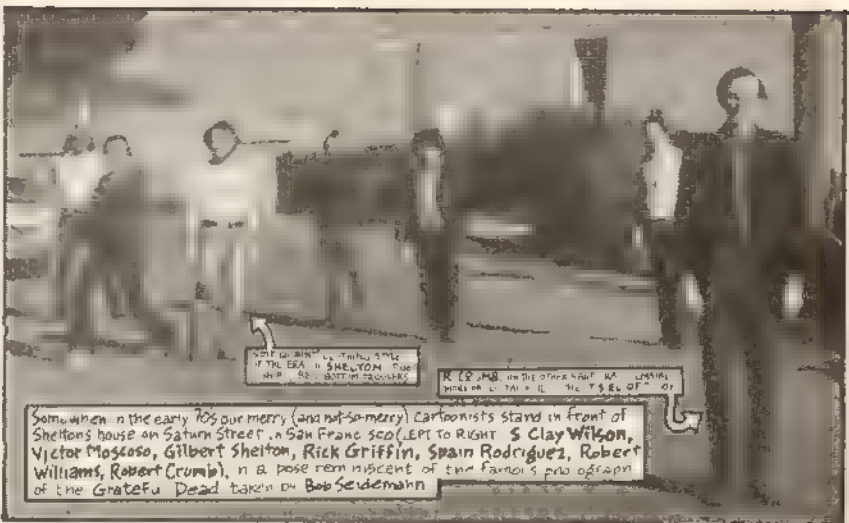
THE IMPETUOUS CHARGE WAS MET WITH A HAIL OF MISSILES FROM ABOVE



A THUMBNAIL HISTORY
(MORE THAN) **THIRTY YEARS OF**
ZAP COMICS
Making publishing history?
or simply throw-away literature?
by **GILBERT SHELTON**

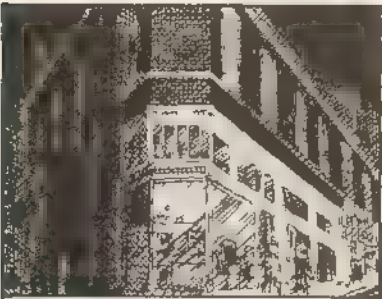
ZAP COMICS (or COMIX, if you prefer) was started by the renowned **R. Crumb**, who did issues N°0, 1, and 2 by himself before being joined by **Rick Griffin**, **Victor Moscoso**, and **S. Clay Wilson**. Next then **Spain Rodriguez**, myself, and **Robert Williams** in subsequent issues. The first edition, now very difficult to obtain, was printed by **Charles Pym** in 1967. Later editions were put out by **APEX NOVELTIES** (Don Donahue), **PRINT MINT** (Don Shember and Bob Rha), and finally, now, by **LAST GASP ECO FURNISHES** in **SAN FRANCISCO**, headed by the **Santa Clausian Ron Turner**.

* See Terry O'Neil's 1984 film documentary, **CRUMB**.
** N°2 could not be followed by N°3, later N°4.



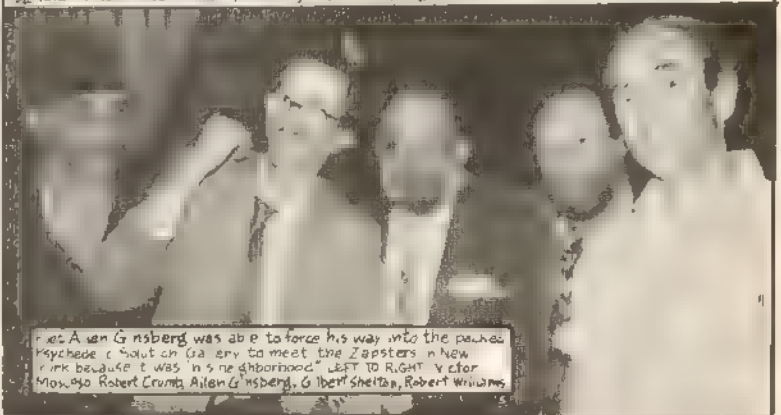
Sometimes in the early '70s our merry (and not-so-merry) cartoonists stand in front of Shelton's house on Saturn Street in San Francisco. (Left to right: S. Clay Wilson, Victor Moscoso, Gilbert Shelton, Rick Griffin, Spain Rodriguez, Robert Williams, Robert Crumb). The pose reminiscent of the famous photo of the Grateful Dead taken by Bob Seidemann.

SUZANNE WILLIAMS



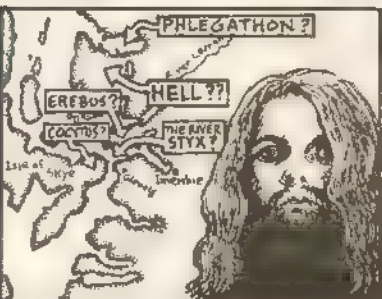
San Francisco's Columbus Street landmark **THE CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE** was busted for selling Zap N°4 shortly after the allegedly obscene publication appeared in 1969, and the bookstore's owner, the poet **Lawrence Ferlinghetti**, paid a fine of four hundred dollars. Being a staunch defender of Freedom of expression, though, he continued to sell the comic.

Although its sales peaked in the early seventies, Zap Comics kept going at the rate of about one new issue every three years up until the present. The long wait for new issues sometimes gives cause to great publishing celebrations, such as the three-day exhibition-opening party and media frenzy at **Jacaeber Kastor's PSYCHEDELIC SOLUTION** Gallery on St Marks Place in New York City in the summer of 1990, where a crowd of thousands of curious art lovers lined up outside trying to squeeze in, forming a queue that stretched around the block. In summer 1994, the appearance of Zap N°3 was the excuse for a big opening party at **Billy Shire's LA LUZ DE JESUS** Gallery on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles; Robert and Suzanne Williams arrived in their chopped 32 Ford three-window coupe powered by a 350 Chevy engine with a nine inch Ford rear end.



Allen Ginsberg was able to force his way into the packed Psychedelic Solution Gallery to meet the Zapsters in New York because it was in his neighborhood. (Left to right: Victor Moscoso, Robert Crumb, Allen Ginsberg, Gilbert Shelton, Robert Williams).

PHOTO © 1991 BOB GREEN



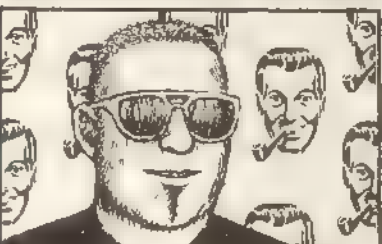
Zap artist **Rick Griffin**, having survived a near fatal surfing accident one year earlier, met his death on his Harley-Davidson in 1991. Now we may never find the meaning of all those obscure and mystical references to places in Scotland.

And now, it seems, Zap Comics has come to a crossroads in its life. Set off by an internal disagreement in the editor's hierarchy, **Crumb** wants to let the series die; **Moscoso** has been doing to great lengths to keep the thing going. The other artists are divided between these two points of view. I myself have mixed feelings on the subject. I used to enjoy drawing my cartoon characters with big noses performing outrageous deeds, but since I no longer have any funny ideas I have gone into semi-retirement and now spend most of my time on my country estate with my wife **Lora**, tending the garden. Tomorrow I am taking our neighbor the Count on a **SHRIMP HUNT**.

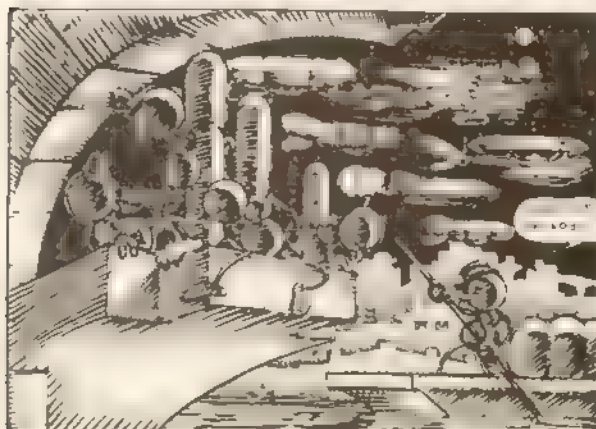
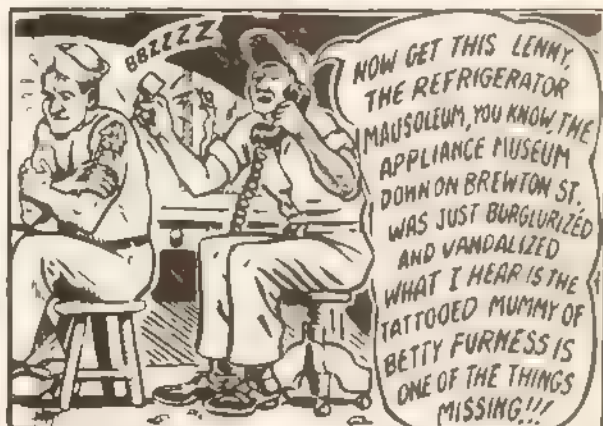
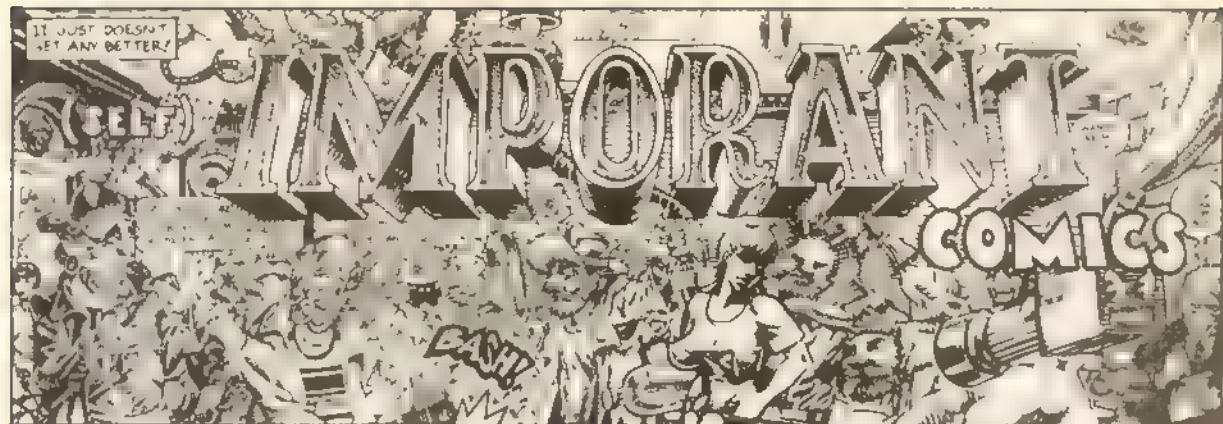


"see various interpretations of my statement in this issue"

by **GILBERT SHELTON**
MAYBE I SHOULD GO TO FRANCE
TOMORROW
THERE, SO
PROBABLY DON'T
REMEMBER
IT!



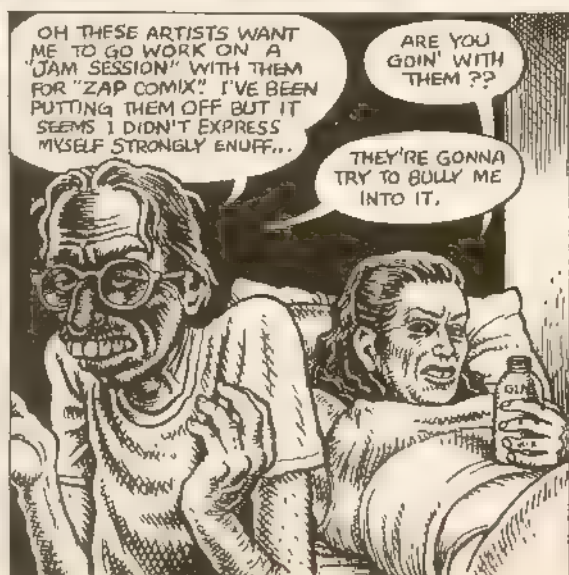
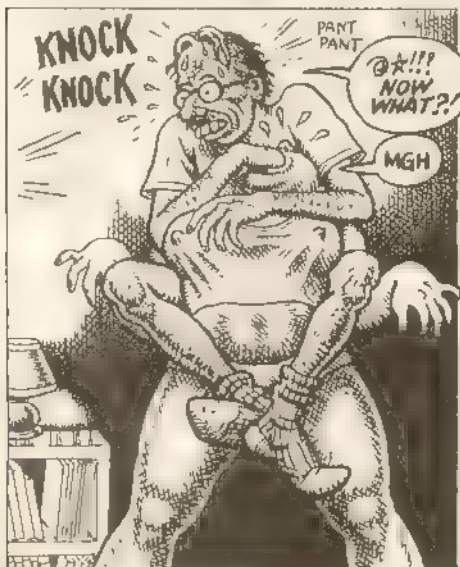
Zap Comics N°14 contains work by the first new contributor in twenty-nine years, **Paul Madrides**, who is known worldwide for his artistic directorship of **THE CHURCH OF THE SUBCENSORED** of **Dallas, Texas**, not to mention his longtime collaboration on the **FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS**.



I've HAD It!

There comes a time when you're just well, enervated--burned out....

©1996 Z-Comics

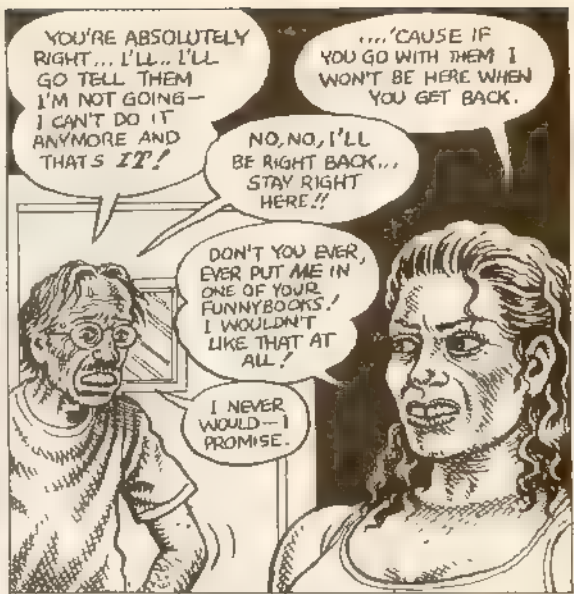




I'VE TRIED TO MAKE IT AS CLEAR TO THEM AS I COULD FOR YEARS ALREADY, WITHOUT BEING RUDE, THAT, YOU KNOW, I'VE MOVED ON IN MY LIFE TO, LIKE, OTHER THINGS, BUT IT'S LIKE TRYING TO QUIT ON THE MAFIA... JEEZIZ, C'MON, FELLAS, HANG IT UP!

YEAH, BUT ARE YOU GONNA GO WITH THEM NOW? YOU PROMISED ME WE'D HAVE THIS TIME TOGETHER UNINTERRUPTED.

OH MY GOD!



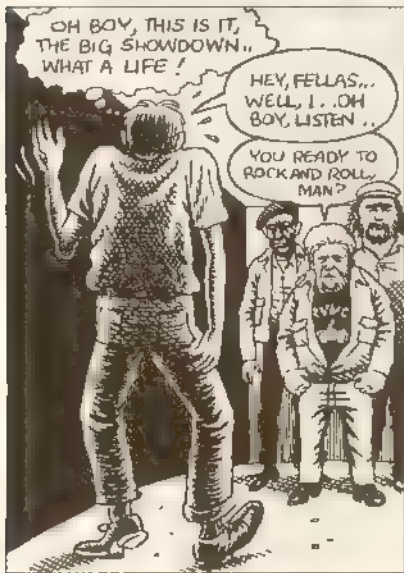
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT... I'LL... I'LL GO TELL THEM I'M NOT GOING—I CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE AND THAT'S IT!

... 'CAUSE IF YOU GO WITH THEM I WON'T BE HERE WHEN YOU GET BACK.

NO, NO, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK... STAY RIGHT HERE!!

DON'T YOU EVER, EVER PUT ME IN ONE OF YOUR FUNNYBOOKS! I WOULDN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL!

I NEVER WOULD—I PROMISE.



OH BOY, THIS IS IT, THE BIG SHOWDOWN... WHAT A LIFE!

HEY, FELLAS... WELL, I... OH BOY, LISTEN...

YOU READY TO ROCK AND ROLL, MAN?



I CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE. YOU GUYS GO AHEAD WITHOUT ME... I CAN'T DO IT... REALLY.

HEY, COME ON, MAN! ZAP IS STILL THE BEST COMIC GOING!

WE KICK ALL THEIR ASSES, MAN!

BLECH



IT'S OVER FOR ME... I'M NOT INTO IT ANYMORE THIS TIME I MEAN IT... I'M NOT GOING... CAN'T DO IT... THAT'S ALL.

WHAT THE FUCK, CRUMB! YOU TOO BIG FOR US NOW OR WHAT, MR. RUCKIN' MOVIE STAR?!!



NO NO, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO —

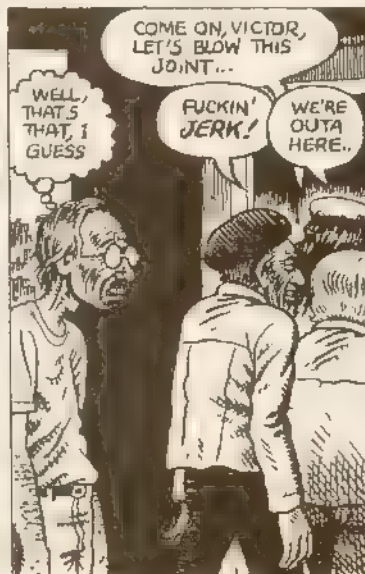
WHERE'S YOUR RUCKIN' LOYALTY? IF I WAS IN YOUR POSITION I'D DRAW FOR YOU! PUTZ!

JEEZIZ, CALM DOWN, VICTOR!

FUCK YOU!

SHLURP

SMEK

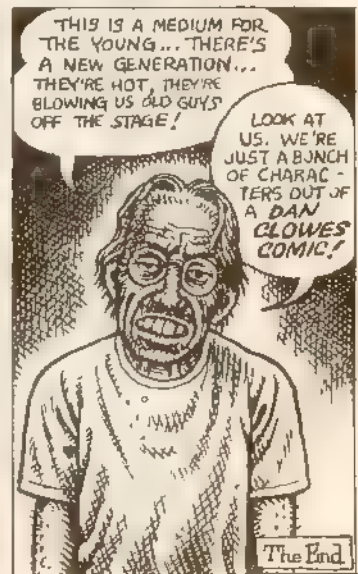


COME ON, VICTOR, LET'S BLOW THIS JOINT...

WELL, THAT'S THAT, I GUESS

FUCKIN' JERK!

WE'RE OUTA HERE...



THIS IS A MEDIUM FOR THE YOUNG... THERE'S A NEW GENERATION... THEY'RE HOT, THEY'RE BLOWING US OLD GUYS OFF THE STAGE!

LOOK AT US. WE'RE JUST A BUNCH OF CHARACTERS OUT OF A DAN CLOWES COMIC!

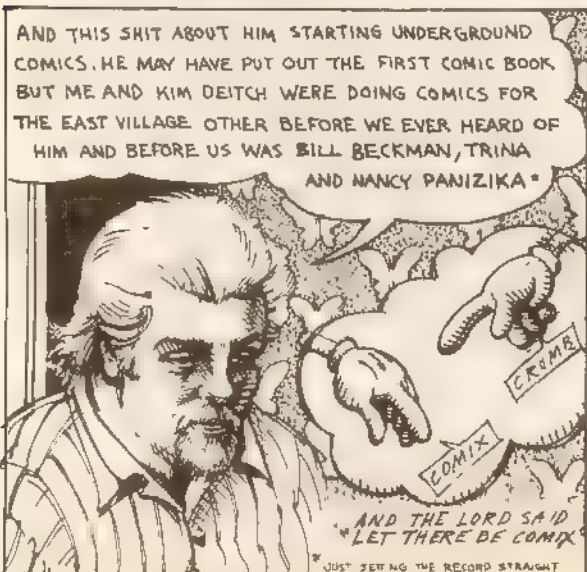
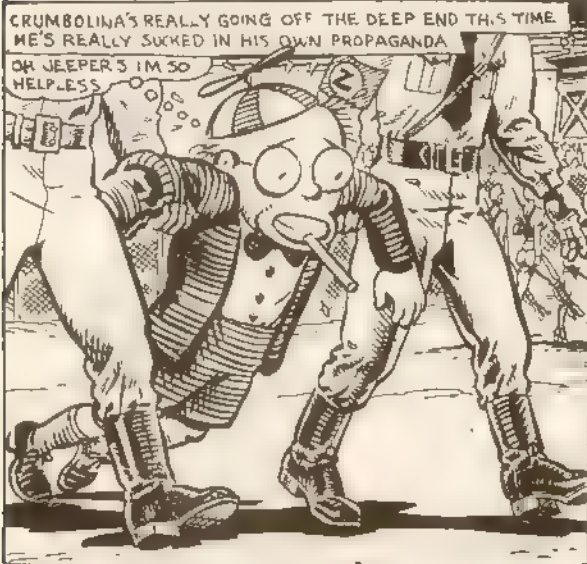
The End

INCIDENT

AT ZWIGOFF'S

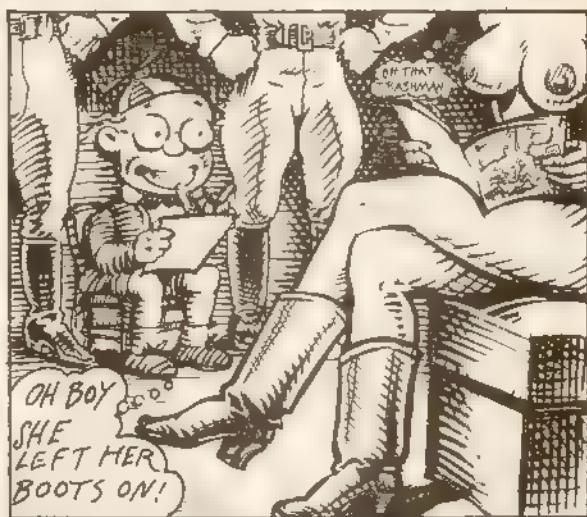
**ZAP®
CONFIDENTIAL**

ACADEMIC TITLE:
HYPER-SENSITIVE
CARTOONISTS REND THEIR
GARMENTS OVER MINOR
BULLSHIT



IN THE UNDERGROUND ZAP BUNKER WORLD FAMOUS ZAP CARTOONISTS DISCUSS ISSUES CRUCIAL TO THE COSMOS

CRUMB SENT HIS STRIP FOR ZAP 14



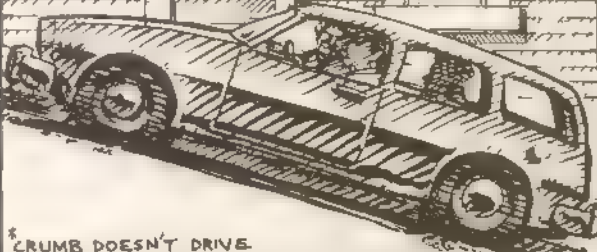
WHEN SUZIE BRIGHT SO GENEROUSLY REVEALED HER FINE SELF AT THE LAST ZAP JAM, WE HEARD NO COMPLAINTS



MOSCOSO SPAIN & WILSON ARRIVE AT TERRY ZWIGOFF'S HOUSE TO PICK UP CRUMB FOR THE ZAP 14 JAM.*

YEAH, I CALLED HIM TWICE BUT I HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON

I DID TOO, SO HE MUST KNOW WE'RE COMING.



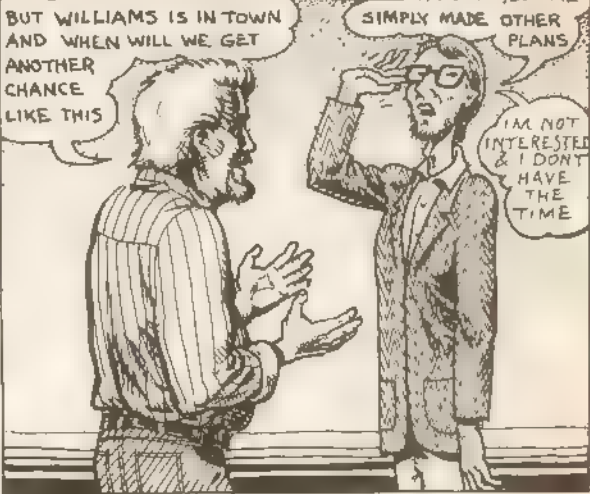
*CRUMB DOESN'T DRIVE

BUT, GIVEN THE RECEPTION HE HAD IN STORE FOR US, IT WAS MORE LIKE "HE SAW US COMING"

BUT WILLIAMS IS IN TOWN AND WHEN WILL WE GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS

I'M SORRY, BUT I'VE SIMPLY MADE OTHER PLANS

I AM NOT INTERESTED & I DON'T HAVE THE TIME



CRUMB, YOU LONELY BASTARD! WHERE'S YOUR FUCKIN' LOYALTY? IF I WAS IN YOUR POSITION I'D DRAW WITH US!

JEEISIS VICTOR CALM DOWN

FUCK YOU MISTER FAMOUS MOVIE STAR

SMURK!



THE CROWN, THE CROWN, VICTOR, YOU UNRAVELED THE CROWN

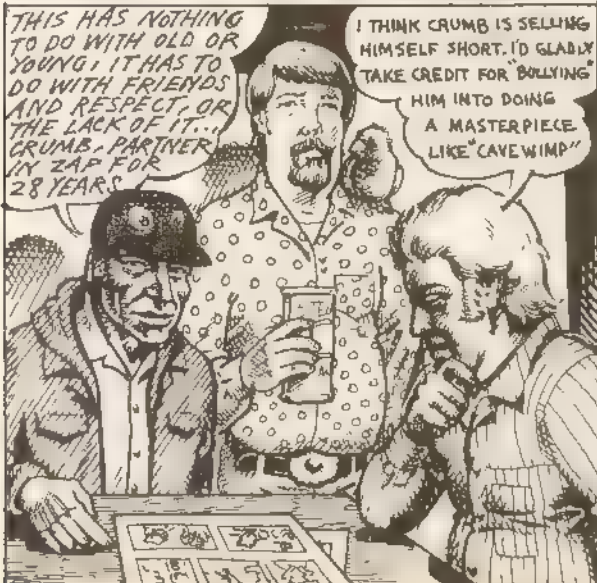
SHIT! YOU LET HIM GET TO YOU, VICTOR

HE COULD HAVE CALLED LAST NIGHT AND AVOIDED ALL THIS



THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH OLD OR YOUNG, IT HAS TO DO WITH FRIENDS AND RESPECT, OR THE LACK OF IT... CRUMB, PARTNER IN ZAP FOR 28 YEARS

I THINK CRUMB IS SELLING HIMSELF SHORT. I'D GLADLY TAKE CREDIT FOR BOLLING HIM INTO DOING A MASTERPIECE LIKE "CAVEWIMP"



GEEZE!, I THOUGHT WE WUZ ALL PALS

BASTARD, LETS US TO DRIVE OVER HERE SO HE CAN TELL US TO FUCK OFF!

BELCH



"THAT GUY" SPAIN

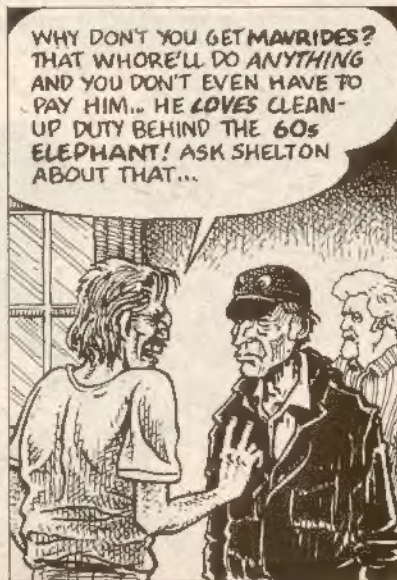
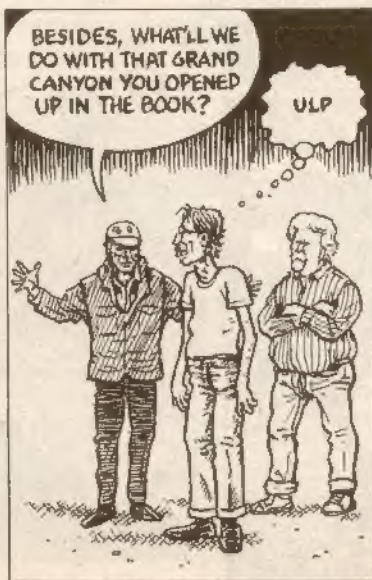
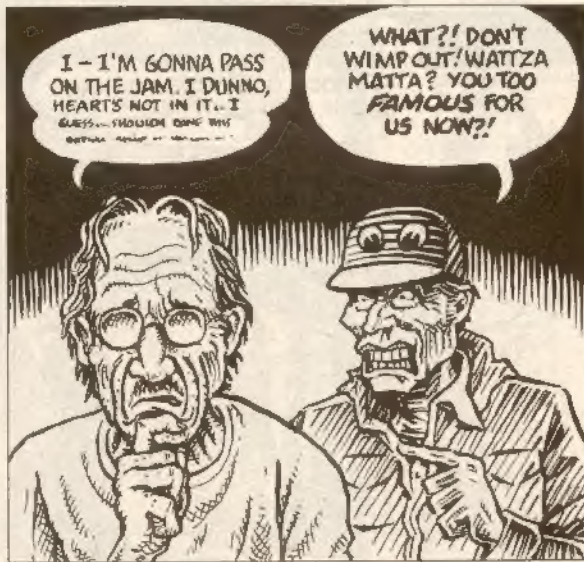
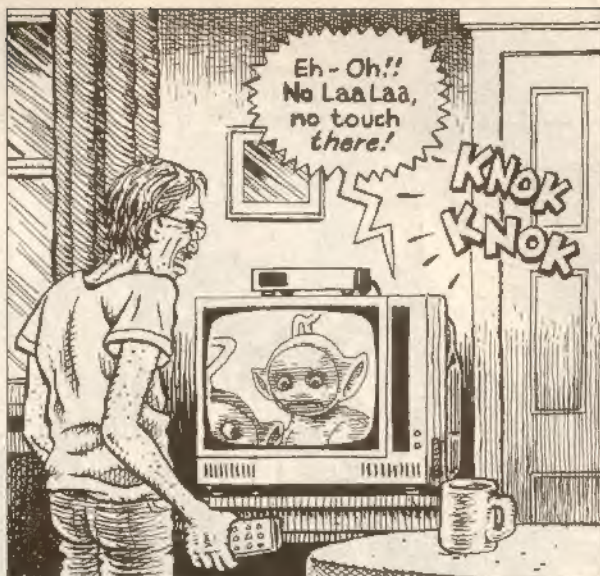
THANKS TO MISSY & TERRY ZWIGOFF & S. CLAY WILSON

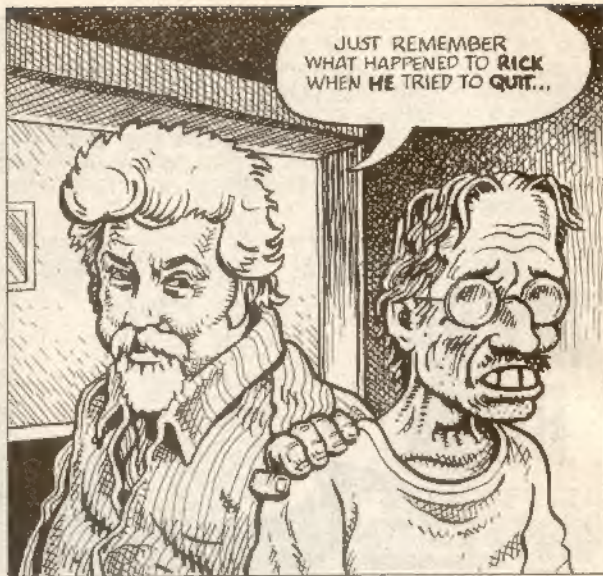
WOW! ZAP COMIX — THE BIG TIME!!
 ACTUALLY, IT'S A LITTLE LIKE BEING INVITED
 TO THE PARTY 20 YEARS AFTER THE BEER'S GONE.
 AND IT'S ALL DUE TO THIS DUST-OFF **CRUMB** AND
MOSCOSO HAD WHICH OPENED UP PAGES FOR ME,
 THE NEW GUY! BUT DON'T BELIEVE THOSE TWO ABOUT
 THEIR LITTLE "SPAT." I'M HERE TO TELL YOU WHAT
 REALLY WENT DOWN! I SWEAR TO GOD THIS'S
 ALL TRUE!!*

My Big Break

*AND IF IT'S NOT, I HOPE
 I'M AUDITED BY THE STATE
 SALES TAX BOARD.

©1998 PAUL MAVRIDES





... WELL, THAT'S THE WAY I HEARD IT.
"CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?"
— RODNEY KING

